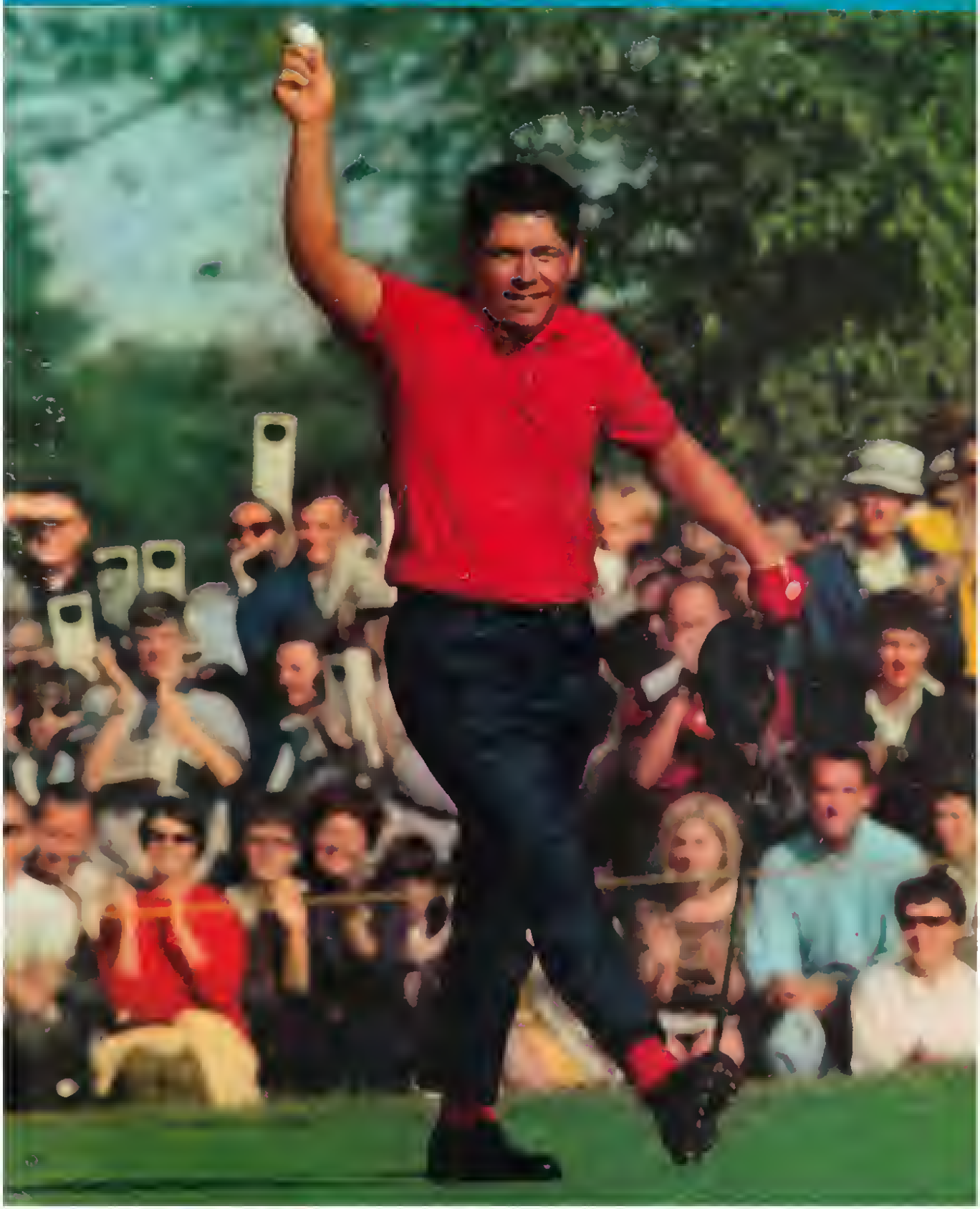
Sports Illustrated
JUNE 24, 1968 40 CENTS

TED WILLIAMS Part 3

LIVELY LEE TREVINO WINS THE OPEN

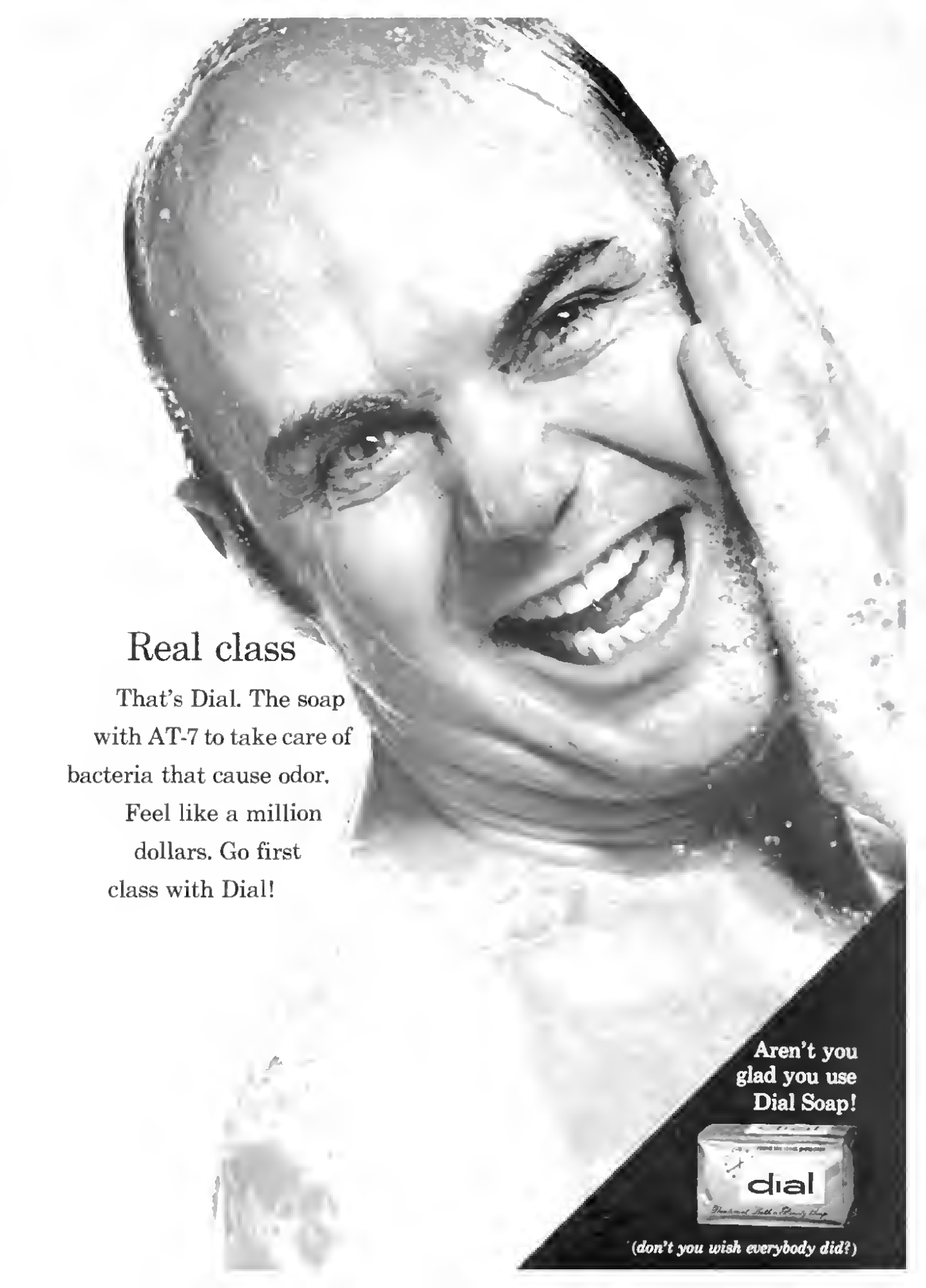


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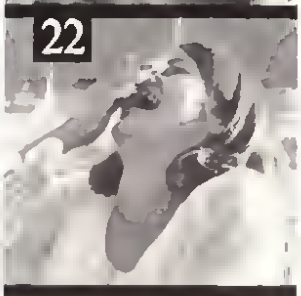
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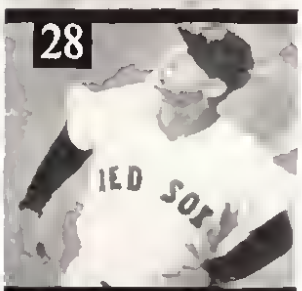
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Next week

THE FIGHT FOR PLACES in the Olympic track-and-field trials resumes at the AAU championships. John Underwood reports on the struggle from the scene in Sacramento.

THE WOUNDED TIGERS, minus Al Kaline and, from time to time, many another star, are still the team to beat in the American League. William Leggett pays the lair a visit.

RODEO'S ROSE BOWL has the best of the campus cowpokes roping, riding, bulldogging and eating dirt for dear old Tarleton State and Olds Agricultural and Vocational.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This magazine is exceedingly fortunate in its art department. Not only do we have a gifted director in Richard Gangel, we have an exceptional pair of men backing him up.

Harvey Grut and Martin Nathan are the associate art directors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and very old friends. They joined the staff before the magazine had even been named and worked side by side in the layout department until they were made associate art directors together—together because it was impossible to choose between them or even, by that time, to think of them separately. (Mrs. Nathan did manage to make a decision: she dated Harvey but married Martin.) For 14 years now



GRUT, NATHAN AND NATHAN'S FISH

Grut and Nathan have been answering to each other's name, a mistake even those of us who have known them the whole time sometimes make, since for most practical, and, God knows, all impractical purposes they are a single unit. Outsiders will never know the magic inherent in the words, "No, the art department is not back from lunch."

Harvey Grut was born in Salt Lake City, Utah and raised there and in Grosse Pointe, Mich. amidst such splendors as cooks, housemen and Pierce-Arrows. Martin Nathan was born in Brooklyn and raised amidst such splendors as—well, the splendors Brooklyn has to offer. "When people ask, I tell them I'm from Nome, Alaska," Martin says, and he notes with interest that invariably he is the only person they have ever met from Nome.

Both Grut and Nathan attended Pratt Institute of Design, though at different times. During World War II Martin joined the U.S. Air Force and Harvey the U.S. Army. Harvey subsequently worked for McFadden Publications and Hearst Publications, and for a while had his own art agency until he came to this as yet unpublished magazine. Martin worked in advertising agencies before he joined our art department shortly after Harvey.

Grut took to the newcomer at once "because he obviously was rotten to the core. We began to have lunch together, and then we had hay fever together and, finally, we even had back trouble at the same time."

"Grut looked just the same then as he does now," Martin recalls gloomily, having himself acquired 20 new pounds over the intervening years. The added weight is partly because one of the things Martin does in his spare time is cook. Another thing he does is paint. "I paint seriously," he says, "and I have a fascination with photography. A knowledge of both is essential to this job, of course, but I have wanted to be an artist since the day I reached the age of reason—about 22. Actually, it has been as long as I can remember." Martin's other passion is fishing, particularly for striped bass. He makes a good part of his own fishing gear and pursues the bass earnestly, but when pressed for his greatest piscatorial triumph he says wistfully, "Well it's yet to come. I haven't *really* caught anything." (Note from Mrs. Nathan: "One day last month I came home and found 111 mackerel in the bathtub, waiting to be cleaned.")

As for Grut the fisherman, Harvey explains, "Nathan was so absolutely dedicated that he convinced me I should take it up too. So I became an ardent fisherman. Well, half ardent. No, I guess I really do like it." That, we submit, is friendship.

Gary Valk

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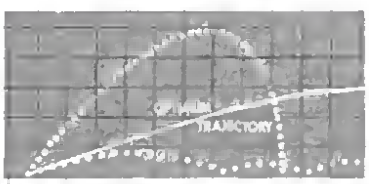
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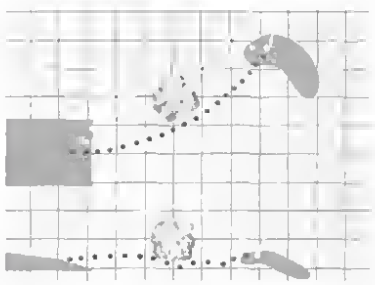
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GRIZZLIES AGAIN

Last year grizzly bears in Glacier National Park attacked and killed two girl campers (SI, Oct. 30). Now comes word of an attack in Canada. A fortnight ago three men went off to Jasper National Park to scout mountain-sheep hunting possibilities for this fall. Members of the expedition were Steve Rose, a well-known hunter and millionaire from Pasadena, Calif., Dave Slutker, a wealthy hunting companion from Edmonton, Alta., and Leonard Jeck, an outfitter-guide.

The three men made camp, rode their horses a while deeper into the wilderness, then tethered them and began scouting on foot. They were unarmed. As they rounded a bush they were confronted by a mother grizzly and her cub. The grizzly charged Rose, who clambered 15 feet up a tree. Grizzlies are not supposed to climb trees, but this one did. She grabbed Rose, threw him to the ground and jumped on him. Slutker ran to help. The grizzly turned on him, biting his face. Jeck now charged the bear, which charged back, and Jeck was knocked to the bottom of a 40-yard embankment where he lay stunned. The grizzly returned to the attack on Slutker who was trying to assist Rose. In a life and death struggle with the bear Slutker rammed his fingers up the bear's nostrils, and she promptly fled.

The three men hiked a mile and a half back to their horses, mounted them and rode to camp. There, incredibly enough, they photographed one another in color, and Jeck, the least injured of the three, rode another three miles to a ranger's cabin. A helicopter flew in to pick up the men. The chopper was too small to take them inside, and so they were bundled into their sleeping bags and lashed to the pontoons for the return flight.

The physician who treated the men says that Rose and Slutker have no business being alive. Rose's entire clavicle was bitten out, leaving his arm hanging useless. It took 200 stitches to close the wounds on the face of the heroic Slutker; his nose was completely bitten off.

Aside from the ferocity of the attack, there seems little resemblance between this incident and the ones in Glacier. In human terms, at least, those were unprovoked. In Jasper the victims were deep in bear territory, and the aggressor presumably felt her cub was threatened. A ranger says, "There will be no attempt to hunt this bear down, because she was just doing what comes naturally, and she was in such an isolated area that there is little chance she will encounter people again."

LACK OF LEADERSHIP

The avarice of some major league club owners is notorious, and last week's muddle over the scheduling of games following the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy should really come as no surprise. What was shocking—if not exactly surprising—was the wishy-washy attitude of Commissioner William Eckert, who let the owners run off on their own. As the very model of a modern three-star general Eckert should have had some notion of the need to see to it that the major leagues jointly observed the occasion in proper and orderly fashion. After all, baseball does pretend to the title of "the national game." Then again, a former general, however powerless in his present post, should have exerted what is known as command presence. General Eckert did not, and accordingly we must again give him an unsatisfactory fitness report.

CHARACTER CLUES

What does it take to make a champion? Talent and ambition, obviously. Ah, hold on there, says C. M. Jones, a British tennis player and coach for 35 years. According to Jones, who describes the wonders of Wimbledon on page 45 and has just published a book in Britain, *TENNIS. How to Become a Champion*, certain personality traits are likely to be found in a champ. For instance, a champion is more likely to be interested in people than ideas. He is loyal to his friends, and he will have a few close friends rather than a wide circle of acquaintances. At times he might get wrapped up in his own thoughts and even be slightly absent-minded. A champ has "the digestion of an ostrich," and he probably is a sound sleeper. He will not brood about the past, and he is not concerned by trivia. He takes criticism in stride. Socially, a champ is something of a conformist and is likely to be soft spoken.

Will the real Cliff Richey please stand up?

WORMERS ARISE

All is calm now on the coast of Maine—the worm diggers have gone back to work. The worm diggers are a brown-faced, lean-stomached breed of men. More than 1,000 strong, they work the mud flats between tides, using rakes with special tines to gather bloodworms (*Glycero dibranchiata*) and sandworms (*Nereis virens*). On a good day a top digger can



collect 4,000 worms. The diggers sell the worms to local wholesalers who ship them down the Atlantic coast—and often to the Pacific as well—where anglers snap them up as prime bait for striped bass and other fish.

A worm digger's life is tough. A digger does more bending than a potato picker. The worms can bite. Moreover, the diggers have to put up with the weather, fair or foul, and many diggers do not consider themselves well paid by the wholesalers. They have gone on strike several times in the past few years (SI, Aug. 15, 1966). Recently the diggers of Wiscasset, dubbed the Wall Street of

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Wormdom, struck. The issue was not shorter worms, as suggested by a cynical angler, but a higher price for sandworms. Instead of getting $1.90 a hundred, the diggers wanted $2.15. The diggers sat out three days, then gave up when diggers down the coast refused support. "We tried to put some pressure on them to go out," says Milford Cronk, one of the leaders of the strike, "but it just didn't work. All some of those fellows want is enough money for a bottle of beer and a sandwich."

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

The first football game of the season, the Coaches All-America Game, will be played next week in Atlanta. In recent years there has been a ludicrous lengthening of sports seasons that can only bring bafflement and boredom to the public. Pro-football exhibition games start on August 1, and play does not conclude until the NFL Pro Bowl game on January 21. If players get their way and an NFL-AFL All-Star Game is established, pro football could go on into February. The game, presumably, would take place in Florida at just the time baseball starts spring training. Once a fall game, football now starts in the summer, waltzes through the fall and expires in the dead of winter. Baseball has stayed within its traditional April-to-October season, but now that the majors have expanded to 12 teams apiece new divisional playoffs could conceivably take baseball almost to Halloween. Then there is the National Hockey League, which began play last year before the World Series was over and didn't conclude it until Frank Howard had hit seven homers this year. (Montreal was then three goals ahead of Babe Ruth's pace.) The schedule of the National Basketball Association is both absurd and instructive. On the average, the NBA has added about a game a season to the regular schedule for the last 20 years. In the 1946-1947 season each NBA team played 60 games. Last season each team played 82 games, and the Boston Celtics, who went through 19 playoff games to win the championship, didn't get to call it quits until two days before the Kentucky Derby. In New York, where state politicians look upon horse racing as a tax gimmick, Thoroughbreds now run from March into December. There are nine races on each card to help swell the take, and it is no wonder that the quality of racing is often dreadful. Harness racing in New York is even more ridiculous. The harness tracks run all year round, except for a two-week break at Christmas. Owners, trainers and drivers can then do some shopping and maybe even send out the laundry.

PUCKISH MOVES

The National Hockey League is expanding at such a rate that clubs are having trouble keeping up with players and the schedule. Meeting in Montreal last week, the St. Louis Blues drafted Winger Myron Stankiewicz from the Hershey Bears of the American Hockey League for $30,000. The Blues then traded Stankiewicz to the Los Angeles Kings for Forward Terry Gray. The very next day the Kings left Stankiewicz unprotected on the roster and the Blues drafted him back again. In another move that brought puckish smiles, the Blues drafted a startled Jacques Plante, alltime goalie great who retired three years ago. As if the seemingly frivolous movement of players (and non-players) wasn't enough, the NHL had to fall back on using real, live people to draw up the 456-game schedule for next season. A computer just could not do the job because there were too many variables, such as conflicts with ice shows. Indeed, the computer failed to schedule 13 of the games.

LOUISIANA STORY

Governor John McKeithen of Louisiana is emoting like Broderick Crawford in his effort to build a stadium in New Orleans. A 1966 state constitutional amendment specifically forbids direct state backing of stadium bonds, but the governor apparently is free to sign a lease with the stadium commission, pledging the state to pay any amount that may be due each year on bond payments. Many Louisiana taxpayers have been understandably angry about footing what may add up to a $200 million tab ($1, May 20), but the word is that McKeithen wants the stadium as a memorial to himself, like the 34-story state capitol Huey Long built to mark his turbulent reign.

A state legislator introduced a bill for a statewide referendum on the entire stadium project, and last week in an arm-waving speech the governor threatened to kill other public projects around the state, including a new basketball arena at LSU, if his scheme was defeated. He

continued

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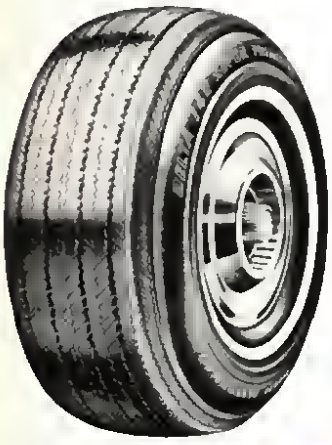






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singled out Judge Roy Hofheinz of the Houston Astros as the villain behind the opposition to the stadium. In recent weeks the judge has become to sport's disgruntled what the Establishment is to hippies. McKeithen denounced Hofheinz as a "con artist," while a legislator called the judge a "Houston crackpot."

Somehow it's nice to know that Louisiana politics, strangely quiet since the demise of Earl Long, is getting back to normal.

IN THE SWIM

Ben Schlossberg and Steve Friedland are songwriters and pals. Friedland writes songs under the name of Brute Force, while Schlossberg has turned out *Karate Knuckles*, *Blue Sunny Daze* and other forgettable folk stuff. When the pals aren't rhyming chop with bop, they kick around crazy, beautiful ideas, like swimming the Bering Strait from the U.S. to the U.S.S.R. In fact, in company with a Monmouth College junior, Linda Larue, they plan to swim from Cape Prince of Wales in Alaska to Mys Dezhneva, 50 miles away in the Soviet Union. This week the trio, which has been doing 25-mile training laps off the Jersey coast, is off to San Diego; there the three will further their training under Dick Long of Diving Unlimited. Then, early in July, it's into the Bering like a herring. The water should be a chilly 40°, but Linda, Ben and Steve, usually cool cats, will wear hot-water-circulation suits.

Swimming to Siberia is only half the fun. In an effort to assure a friendly reception Schlossberg talked with Ambassador Dobrynin. "The world is separated into two hemispheres, two ideologies," says Ben. "This is one place where you can see the two hemispheres pointing to each other, reaching for each other. You might say it's an interideological swim. It's a groovy idea." Schlossberg even talked to Dean Rusk. The Secretary didn't give the idea his official blessing, but he didn't knock it, either. Gotta build bridges, eh, Deano?

THEY SAID IT

• Jim McDonagh, a 40-year-old New York City building superintendent, after winning the U.S. Olympic marathon qualifying trial at Holyoke, Mass.: "I train on eight bottles of beer every day, and I got ready for this marathon by drinking 16 bottles of beer and two bottles of Irish ale." **END**


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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 24, 1968

EYES RIGHT



A former champion and a former West Pointer claimed the crowd—then the third man came along to capture the gallery and the U.S. Open, too

...BUT WRONG

CONTINUED

Nicklaus, smiling in the rain, charged too late.



Yancey, brooding in the trees, led too early.







LEE'S FLEAS CHEER 'SUPER MEX' TO VICTORY

by DAN JENKINS

Super Mex is what he called himself. Super Mexkin. And there he was out there in the midst of all of that U.S. Open dignity with his spread-out caddie-hustler stance and his short, choppy public-course swing, a stumpy little guy, tan as the inside of a tamale, pretty lippy for a nobody, and, yeah, wearing those red socks. And here were all of these yells coming from the trees and the knolls of the Oak Hill Country Club in Rochester, coming from all of the other Lee Trevinos of the world. "Whip the gringo," hollered Lee's Fleas, a band of instant Mexicans enthusiastic enough to rival anybody's army, some of them $30-a-week guys like Trevino himself was just a little more than a year ago.

Lee Trevino whipped all of the gringos last week. He mainly whipped a gringo named Bert Yancey, the tournament leader for the first three days, in a head-to-head, you-and-me thing on the final day, the kind of match a hustler really likes; but in so doing, he knocked off everything else in Rochester, including a good golf course, a strong field, a couple of USGA records that looked untouchable, and a $30,000 check.

What Lee Trevino really did, when he won the Open championship last Sunday, however, was shoot more life into the game of golf than it has had since Arnold Palmer, whoever that is, came along. Trevino will not only go out and fight a course for you in the most colorful of ways, he'll say most anything to most anybody. He'll hot dog it. He'll gagline it. And he'll respond. In a gangsome of 30 or 40 visor-gripping Bert Yanceys, most of whom seem to have graduated from the yep-and-nope school of public relations, Lee Trevino had already made himself known to a degree. He had received more pretournament press than anyone simply because he talked a lot and said things like, "I used to be a Mexkin, but I'm makin' money now so I'm gonna be a Spaniard." Well, now, you take this kind of a fellow and give him a major championship and what you've got is instant celebrity.

A moment before the final putt Trevino hugged his caddie, and a moment after his victory was hugged in turn by his playing partner, Yancey.

It all happened in one day, actually, but that is all it ever takes. It happened on Sunday, the last day of the Open, when Trevino went out and did what no one thought he could do—turn Bert Yancey's game into a shambles, one on one, and totally ignore the near presence of Jack Nicklaus. Trevino did it although he had not won an event on the PGA tour, and, in fact, had only been on the tour for a short while—a couple of months last summer and all this season. Which is not so long, especially for a man who has not had a lifelong acquaintance with money. In winning, Trevino further had the audacity to tie Nicklaus' 72-hole 1967 Open record of 275 and set a record of his own by becoming the first player ever to shoot four straight rounds under par in an Open. 69, 68, 69 and 69.

The last round began with Yancey leading at 205, Trevino second, a stroke behind, and Nicklaus a distant third at 212. Yancey and Trevino started off as if they were playing for the Tenison Park municipal title in Dallas, which is a place where Lee used to hustle $5 Nassaus and where the U.S. Public Links tournament will be played in July. Yancey drove into the right rough, and Lee hit into the left trap, and they both made bogeys. Trevino steadied a trifle, but Yancey kept it up. He hit a big hook at the 3rd under a tree, chipped up nicely but missed the five-footer for his par. At the 5th he hit into a bunker, came out to within three feet but missed again. At this point he had lost the lead for the first time since Thursday afternoon. Trevino was one ahead, and Nicklaus, who had birdied the 3rd and 4th up ahead, was only three strokes away.

One more birdie right in there somewhere could have made a gigantic difference for Nicklaus, but he had already demonstrated in three previous rounds that he couldn't read consistently the subtleties of Oak Hill's greens. Hit the shots, sure. Nicklaus was hitting more greens in regulation than anyone, he was, in fact, playing superbly. But never did the putts fall, and they weren't to fall the rest of the day. Makable birdie after makable birdie slid past the holes, and a great amount of pressure was taken off Trevino.

On each hole Trevino could look ahead and see that Nicklaus wasn't catching fire, and on each hole he could look over in the woods or in the bunkers or around the cups where poor Bert Yancey's game had gone thataway. ("I guess I just must have choked," Yancey said later.) Bert was plodding dismally to the 76 that most people in the gallery would have bet their periscopes that Trevino would shoot.

If there was a big hole that wrapped it all up it was the 12th. They got there with Trevino having just birdied the 11th with his longest putt of the tournament, a 30-footer, and with the noise and joy of it still ringing in him. The crowd sensed he was the winner now. He had a three-shot lead, and he played this comparatively short par-4 nicely with a good drive and a pitch into the flag, only 18 feet away. He rammed this one down to go one under for the round—and four great big strokes ahead of Yancey and five in front of Nicklaus. It was, as a matter of fact, all over, even though Lee had to slash out of the rough on the last two holes to save a couple of pars and the record.

"I was tryin' to get so far ahead I could choke and still win," Trevino said afterward. And then he started firing all of those lines that made the press

continued

tent roll with laughter, and made him everybody's darling.

"I haven't got no shirts and shoes and cap contracts like the big-timers do," Lee Trevino said.

And "Yeah, I been married before, but I get rid of 'em when they turn 21."

And "When I first started winnin' those $3,000 and $4,000 checks last summer, I said, 'Say, how long's this been goin' on out here?' "

And "Man, I like to go to the dog track over in Juarez. I been feedin' them dogs for years and they don't get no faster."

And "Yeah, you got to speak Mexkin in El Paso. Man, you can't even buy gas if you can't speak Mexkin."

And, finally, after an overdue pause for breath "No, I haven't called my wife, but if I don't have the $30,000 check there by Wednesday, she'll call me."

As Super Mex laid it out there for his new band of worshipers, over in the corner stood a hefty, medium-size fellow with short curly hair. Name of Bucky Woy. Bucky Woy is a manager like Mark McCormack is a manager, only it is Bucky Woy who is advising the Open champion, Lee Trevino, and the Masters champion, Bob Goalby, and it was Bucky Woy who was throwing a tequila party up at the Oak Hill club house after the Open Sunday night, where the new champion talked nonstop on such matters as hitting a wedge left-handed and the value of practicing on a pitch-and-putt course. Woy also invited everybody over to the Blue Sombrero for a Lee Trevino party. Tony Lema had champagne. Lee Trevino has margaritas. And golf has a brand-new guy.

There were really three unusual pairings for that last round, the best of which, of course, was Trevino-Yancey, who were playing their own tournament. But there was also one with Bob Goalby and Roberto De Vicenzo, which naturally led everyone into the same joke trap. Oak Hill will settle the Open *and* the Masters. Finally, there was another. Arnold Palmer, who had been posting all sorts of psychedelic scores, found himself in the very last insulting group with a couple of amateurs. One was Jack Lewis from Wake Forest, the other 18-year-old Jim Simons from the vicinity of Palmer's Latrobe. Palmer, it could thus be said, was only playing for two things: the Wake Forest Alumni Championship and the West Penn Open. He won the latter and lost the former, finishing with twin double bogeys to let Jack Lewis beat him 74 to 75.

Palmer, who still drew the big crowds, finished his catastrophic Open at 301 in 59th place. Except for Nicklaus' last round of 67, which lugged Jack up into second place past the collapsed Yancey, it was not a very good Open for golf's so-called Big Three. Gary Player, the other member, started with a 76 and closed his performance by falling into a creek on the 10th hole and swimming to a 73. Palmer and Player were bypassed by hordes of strange competitors. Not the least of them were Steve Spray, who shot a final-round 65, which included a record-tying 30 on the back nine, to tie for fifth, and two club pros, Don Bies, who tied Spray for fifth, and Jerry Pittman, who tied for seventh. Inasmuch as Pittman is the pro at USGA Executive Director Joe Dey's club in Locust Valley, N.Y., the possibility of a Pittman victory made the mind envision a glorious headline: JOE DEY'S PRO WINS OPEN.

Nor was this year's Open an especially good one for the other past champions in the field. Billy Casper came to Rochester as the favorite, winner of four tournaments and more than $100,000. But after a 75 on the first round, during which he strained his back, he was never really in contention. Julius Boros, curiously, had a 71 on each of the first three days, just as he had at Oak Hill in the 1956 Open, when he tied for second. But on the final round he shot a 75 instead of a 69 and finished in a tie for 16th. And Ken Venturi, the winner at Congressional in 1964, did not even make the cut.

As for Palmer, he did nothing right, except begin the tournament with a birdie. He drove badly, hit irons sideways, recovered miserably, putted atrociously, and, worst of all, gave up. On one particular day he had five putters on the practice green, and seemed to be asking everyone, including itinerant concession salesmen, what to do about his ills. Anyone who saw Palmer with his five putters and happened to read the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* the next day must have been confused. There, prominently displayed, was one of those syndicated instruction articles by Arnold Palmer with a headline that said: YOU'RE ON FAST GREENS? 'TAP' METHOD'S BEST.

De Vicenzo managed to win the "playoff" for the Masters by outscoring Goalby, 70 to 73, but Goalby was mad about the pairing before they ever teed off. "I walk on the first tee and I get two claps," he said. "What do people expect of me? Roberto and I have played together maybe a hundred times in our lives, and people got to make something out of this. I won under the rules of golf, that's all I know. Anyhow, it's not so good to win if you got to spend all your time at department stores. My game's going sour with appearances."

The first day of an Open, much of it at least, is nearly always dominated by players who seem like brand-new guys. They have names like John Felus, or Steve Spray, or Ronnie Reif. There are, after all, 150 men in the field who begin teeing off at 7:30 a.m. So up until a point well into the afternoon, the leader boards at Oak Hill looked like the Rochester yellow pages—classification, plumbing fixtures. All sorts of unlikely souls were in red figures (for below par), at least briefly, while the big names shadowboxed the course. None, however, trudged along under the gray clouds and through the chill winds of Thursday quite so dramatically, or as bewilderedly, as John Felus.

He was a little man from somewhere in Pennsylvania, scarcely five feet tall, who wore the color scheme of any unknown. Light blue cap, uncertain, semi-lost expression. In the scant gallery that he drew, he was called "foul-us," and "fool-us" and "fail-us." No one knew which was he in his pairing with Billy Farrell and Jim Dolan, who could? It was only after he hit a short iron into the 13th green to within one foot of the pin and sank it to go two under par that people knew. The standard-bearer put a red 2 beside Felus, the guy who made the birdie. Felus was the little guy dressed like your neighbor in the yard, not the two tall guys with golf swings. So he went to the 14th tee with the red 2.

Felus took a big cut at the ball off the 14th tee and drove down the middle, about an eight-iron from the green. He mis-hit the approach altogether but it bounced between two silica bunkers and miraculously rolled up to 2½ feet

of the cup. His putt never even hit the cup because John Feluses are not supposed to be two-under in the Open, much less three. Unsteady pars on the next two holes sent Thursday's early hero to the 17th tee with the U.S. Open lead in his tiny hands and only Yancey, Trevino and Al Balding behind him in red figures. Was John Felus going to lead this Open? Could John Felus *win* the Open? The questions were soon answered. Felus drove off of the 17th tee like Uncle Andrew in the onion patch—or like a man leading the Open. He sliced. He sliced about 100 yards into the rough of another fairway, behind trees, bushes, TV trucks and telephone company equipment. He got a free drop, which was lucky. But he then hit a fairway wood into a hot-dog stand to the right of the 17th green.

A lot of journalists had rushed out on the course now to find John Felus. When they reached the hot-dog stand, they wanted a beer and a frank and, for a moment, some of them thought all of these people standing around the refreshment area, including the little man in the green shirt and gold sweater, were waiting in line for mustard. Presently Felus got another free drop, scraped a chip shot and got out of his dilemma with a bogey. He was still one-under and still leading. But he promptly hit another high, raging slice off the 18th tee, and everybody left him. John Felus had come and gone in the 1968 Open, and it was time to turn to Bert Yancey.

For three rounds Yancey played about as well as a man can play. He practically made a joke of Oak Hill with his carefully laced tee shots, his crisp irons and a putter that is known as the best on the pro tour. He came along a few holes behind John Felus the first day to rap in birdies on the 16th and 18th holes for a three-under-par 67, and the opening round lead, two strokes ahead of Trevino.

A player of even tempo who walks along slowly, wears a wristwatch, keeps a pencil behind his right ear and always has a white visor on, Yancey was spectacular with his irons. And he had a game plan: shoot for the middle of the greens and don't make a double bogey. When he got into difficulty with a couple of erring tee shots the second day, he wisely chipped out, then played up and relied on his smooth putting stroke to rescue him. It did. He turned a 74 into a 68, and his total of 135 tied the U.S. Open record for 36 holes, a record set in 1960 at Cherry Hills by Mike Souchak. Trevino, with his own 68, remained in second, two strokes behind.

A rather colorless fellow who casts the image that he's only plugging along out there, Yancey took a moment out on Friday to worry about the public. After an interview he went up to Doc Giffin, the press secretary for Arnold Palmer, and asked, "How was I? Did I sound better? Did I sound O.K.?"

Well, he wasn't Don Rickles, of course. Most of Bert Yancey's color is *in* a beautiful swing—and *in* his background. He is a deep, moody-looking, often vague fellow who once had a nervous breakdown while he was enrolled at West Point. All he remembers is that one day he blacked out and wound up in a hospital for nine months and finally got a medical discharge. He was all right. During the next three years he went back to college at Florida State, took a club job, got married, had a kid, and went on the tour. Once out there, all he gave a cleat for, said his best friends, was winning a major championship—a Masters or an Open.

"He used to withdraw when he realized he couldn't win a tournament," said Frank Beard, one of his pals. "Bert's a superconcentrator. In bridge games he'll drive you crazy. You sit there waiting for him to bid and finally he'll say, 'You know, that one-iron on the seventh today went sideways.' He really studies himself, and his game."

The third round also belonged to Yancey, although Trevino gained a stroke with a 69. Bert played steadily for a par 70 and his 54-hole total broke an Open record. His 205 was one stroke lower than the 206 Tommy Jacobs had shot at Congressional in 1964. In that third round Yancey and Trevino were paired together, and it already seemed that they were playing one tournament while the rest of the field was playing another. All day long Yancey was seven strokes or more ahead of Jack Nicklaus. Only Trevino was close to him in score, or in person. If you removed those two from the field, the Open looked like an Open should—Nicklaus tied for the lead, with everybody at least two over par. Thus, the thick, cultivated rough, and the silica sand, and the subtle contours of well-prepared Oak Hill were whipping the field. An Open course is supposed to whip the field, as everybody with good sense knows. But it wasn't. It wasn't whipping Yancey and Trevino.

Until the last day when the putter deserted him, along with most every other club, Yancey looked like the complete golfer. And the only logic you could work out was that a good golfer was having a good week on a well-groomed course. A player who had proved he could win on all types of greens—rye at Azalea, Bermuda at Memphis, *Poa annua* at Portland—Yancey was now proving he could win on the bent at Oak Hill in Rochester. He was always right around the cup, or in it, as he primarily destroyed the par-4 holes, birdieing nine of them through the three rounds.

Trevino seemed to be hanging in there only because no one else was, and he figured it might as well be he. Nor was he playing the kind of golf Yancey was. On Friday, for example, Trevino drove eight times into the rough, but his putter kept saving him. Lee would walk down the fairways, hollering at friends and strangers alike, saying, "What am I doin' wrong? I don't know if I'm gonna hook it or slice it." But then he would scramble to the green and get the ball down and stay close enough to Yancey to make it a contest.

When they were paired together for Saturday's third round, the Open sort of became an old-fashioned PGA Championship. Match play was reborn. Yancey went through the first nine in 34 and at one point held a five-stroke lead on the field, including Trevino. But Lee got three birdies on the back while Bert slipped on one hole, and Trevino had charged back into contention. But no one felt it could last.

Any competitor in the locker room who was asked about it said that on Sunday when Yancey and Trevino were going out there head to head again—match play again—it would be Yancey who would play all the golf. Only Nicklaus, they said, had a chance to throw up a 67 or 66 right in front of them, scare them and win.

It was Dave Marr who said, "You know Yancey can play, and you know how badly he wants to win a big one. You just don't know anything about the jumping bean."

You do now. All the gringos do. **END**

TWO HEARTS TO BEAT THE BAD BERRIES

Sore and tired and nursing an ulcer, little Gerry Lindgren, now grown up to 120 pounds, won two more collegiate titles **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

If you will remember the last exciting episode, Gerry Lindgren, miniature long-distance runner, was thrashing his way through fields of Russians on his way to Tokyo for the 1964 Olympic Games. Describing childlike uppercuts with his skinny arms, gritting his teeth and getting the maximum from his pink little body, Gerry was awakening America to distances it had never been interested in before because nobody thought American runners could run that far without rest stops. His surging style—run awhile, then *really* run awhile—was defined by his coach as "eclectic—a mini-mixture of Zatopek, Elliott, Snell and a pinch of salt."

Lindgren, then 18 years old, beat the favored Russians at 10,000 meters in Los Angeles that year, and Bob Schul did it at 5,000, and though Lindgren injured his ankle and did not win at Tokyo, Schul did and so did Billy Mills for a U.S. sweep of the Olympic 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs. Since then, America has gone from hopelessness to being pretty blase about its excellent distance runners, so much so that it has begun to turn its attention back to the sprinters, who do not work as hard but who make considerably more noise.

Now it is the Olympic year 1968 and Lindgren, the pink little boy runner, has grown up. He has become a pink little man runner, with an ulcer. His tireless training (he has covered 44 miles in a single day) and eclectically engineered footraces make him an international favorite who is again worthy of attention. Last weekend in Berkeley he won the 10,000 meters as he pleased in the NCAA championships and then paused to lecture the republic on the stupidity of the NCAA-AAU feud. "I've been waiting for a chance to get this off my chest," he said. On the third day, though dog tired and hurting, he won the 5,000 meters with a blazing finish to complete a three-year sweep of the distance events. No runner has ever so dominated NCAA competition.

Lindgren's achievements did not quite prevent the insatiable University of Southern California team from winning the meet for the second year in a row, and the 25th time in 47 years. USC won by one point over Lindgren's Washington State team, 58 to 57, and Villanova finished third with 41. Some of the USC boys stimulated the evenings around the Durant Hotel in downtown Berkeley with firecrackers, but a firecracker is a minor annoyance in a place like Berkeley in the daytime. Earl (The Pearl) McCullouch, Lennox Miller, O. J. Simpson and the other USC jet streams got more attention piling up points. McCullouch won the high hurdles by a hair from Villanova's surprising Irv Hall, Miller took the 100 meters and just missed the 200, and they all ganged up—Lennox, Earl, O.J. and Fred Kuller—to win the 400-meter relay.

USC's team victory was set against a background of impressive individual performances. Lee Evans, San *continued*



Striding manfully in the 5,000 meter run, Lindgren leads Kvalheim, Pearce and Stageberg


SU
17
GREG
LT
45



Lindgren and Marie Mulder heigh-ho after race

Jose State's powerful quarter-miler, again demonstrated his superiority by defeating Villanova's Larry James at 400 meters in 45 seconds flat, only .5 second off the world record. James, who had been ill all week, in turn proved his worth in the 1,600-meter relay when, set off 12 yards behind, he made up all that on the anchor leg and carried Villanova to a two-yard victory. Villanova's other star, Dave Patrick, beat a first-rate field in the 1,500 in 3:39.9. Dave Hemery, an Englishman discovered at Boston University, moved into Olympic gold-medal contention in the 400-meter hurdles with a 49.8 victory. Dick Fosbury of Oregon State, who starts his high-jumps frontward and ends up backward, backflipped to a meet-record 7'2¼". Byron Dyce of NYU won the 800 meters by four yards in 1:47.3 as the seven men who followed him to the tape all finished within .8 second of each other. Kerry Pearce, the blond Australian from the University of Texas at El Paso, scored an easy win in the steeplechase.

Tennessee's Richmond Flowers had been obliged to withdraw earlier from the meet because of a badly pulled muscle. Kansas' Jim Ryun could not make the meet, either, though he seems to be winning his bout with mononucleosis and has resumed high-altitude training at Flagstaff, Ariz. By not being there, Ryun missed Lindgren's passionate address on his (Ryun's) behalf. Barely off the track and still in a sweat after winning the 10,000 meters, Lindgren declared that he would not run in this week's Amateur Athletic Union meet in Sacramento. He said the AAU had deprived Ryun of a world record in the half mile two years ago, and he would henceforth do whatever he could to dramatize injustices done track athletes by their rulers. Lindgren admitted his was a practical decision. Had he not qualified in the NCAA meet—the first six U.S. finishers automatically advanced to the Olympic trials June 29—he would have been obliged to try again in the AAU meet. He said, too, that it was not the AAU he minded so much but the people who run the organization. Likewise, the NCAA. "Their pride and hate for one another is hurting the athletes," he said.

Lindgren's convictions are strong ones. He once gambled his college career by defying an NCAA edict that would have made ineligible any college athlete who competed in the 1965 AAU meet at San Diego. He considered the threat high-handed and shameful, and he went to San Diego anyway. So did a few others. The NCAA quietly did nothing.

Ryun ran the celebrated non-world record—880 yards in 1:44.9—at the U.S. Track and Field Federation Championships in 1966. The record was not recognized because no AAU sanction for the meet had been applied for or given. As a crusader of 22, Lindgren does not look much different from the wunderkind of 18. A concerted effort to put on weight—plenty of ice cream and beef stroganoff—has enlarged him in four years from 118 pounds to 120. His principal addition is an ulcer. Between meals he now munches vanilla wafers and sips from a container of half cream, half milk. He eats cottage cheese and peaches by the peck, and when he goes off into the sunrise for one of his all-day runs he carries a blue plastic bottle of Mylanta to serve as first line of defense in case of stomach rebellion.

Lindgren, far from being the silent ulcer type, has developed a curious language all his own. Something that bothers him—a blister on the toe, a fouled-up dinner date—is "bad berries." "Out of my tree" is a catchall phrase for things like fright ("Clarke scared me out of my tree") or body condition ("I had the flu right out of my tree"). He lapses into Cockney accents for days at a time and answers the phone in the Japanese manner, "*Moshi-moshi*."

Lindgren says he probably got his ulcer trying to learn Russian at Washington State. He is one of only 11 Russian-language students of the 10,000 people on campus, and he practices his Russian on whoever is available. Take the time he was visiting Marie Mulder, the dark-eyed girl distance runner who has become, with blossoming good looks, an avid collector of the hearts of track-and-field boys. She and Gerry held hands from New York to Kiev and back in 1965. They remain close friends. One afternoon they were sitting by a lake when a boatload of vacationers passed. Lindgren leaped up and began shouting at them in Russian. When the boat had gone, Marie asked Gerry what he had said. "I said, 'Hello. How are you? The weather is fine. I am fine. Edward lost his toothbrush.' "

Lindgren is the third son of a God-fearing, hardworking Washington family—his father drives a truck, his mother works in a hospital—who taught him to respect his elders and to be on the lookout for evil. His reaction to the Berkeley scene was revulsion. "I couldn't take Berkeley for a minute," he said. "Cop-outs remind me of guys who slink out of a race when they're losing. We've got about 12 hippies at Washington State. Nobody pays attention to them."

At an early age Lindgren began following his brother's fleeting footsteps on cross-country runs, and he came upon a great discovery: he liked to run. Loved it. Ate it up. He ran up Mt. Spokane and ran back down. He got so he would run 250 miles a week. Before he realized it he was 18 and famous for doing what comes naturally, and he was on his way to Tokyo.

Last summer he spent two weeks on top of Mt. Baldy in California trying to get an idea of how Mexico City's altitude would affect him should he make the Olympic team this year. Where he ran at Mt. Baldy is 400 feet higher than Mexico City. He met a couple of good-looking girls, but his runs up and down the canyon were so exhausting he did not have the energy to press the acquaintances. It was all uphill and downhill, and very tough. He ran over sharp

rocks, through loose gravel, around dead, twisted trees hurled down the slopes by the winter storms. His running path was a three-mile snake from the rocky bottom to the notch and back down again. He ran on the edge of cliffs —"If you slipped," he said, "the next stop was a thousand feet down." The sharp rocks dug into his light running shoes. He turned his ankles so often he just naturally got used to running on sprained ankles.

"It was nearly as hard as running against Ron Clarke," he said. He found that the altitude was not so terribly hard to take, except that it cut into one's endurance for post-trail sprints. A test revealed that his lung capacity, his ability to assimilate oxygen, was second only to the separate abilities of three much bigger men: Clarke and Ryun and Kipchoge Keino of Kenya. When he came down from the mountain, Lindgren was more than confident.

Now it is the homestretch for Olympic preparation, and Lindgren is coming to a point where a decision will have to be made—5,000 or 10,000 or both? Probably both. Last month at Modesto, Calif. Lindgren beat Clarke, the Australian world-record holder, at 5,000 meters for the first time. He set an American record of 13:33.8 and he began to think maybe he wasn't just a 10,000-meter man after all. He also discovered that Clarke had stopped stepping on his heels during a race. "Clarke used to step on my heels a lot," he said. "He doesn't do that any more. Maybe that's a sign of respect."

He was flattered, too, that Clarke had found it necessary to start psyching him, though Tracy Walters, who was Lindgren's high school coach, says that when it comes to psyching, little Gerry can stand eyeball to eyeball with the biggest of them. Walters expects that Lindgren will come up behind a Russian in a big meet some day and yell in his ear in Russian, "Hey, you look tired." Or even, "Edward lost his toothbrush."

Lindgren says he used to practice his psyching at school, usually on somebody he was having trouble beating. "I told this one guy, 'Chris, the trouble is you are too much of a left-footed runner.' He limped around for two days trying to figure it out." Lindgren won the NCAA 10,000 by half a lap. His competition was much stiffer at 5,000 meters. He did all the psyching he could do, but he was laughing only on the outside. Inside he was sore and tired. He had blisters. His left Achilles' tendon was inflamed from the 10,000 meters. His legs were lifeless. As a result, the surging that he does in a race—itself a form of psyching because it is done to confuse and discourage—could not be called upon.

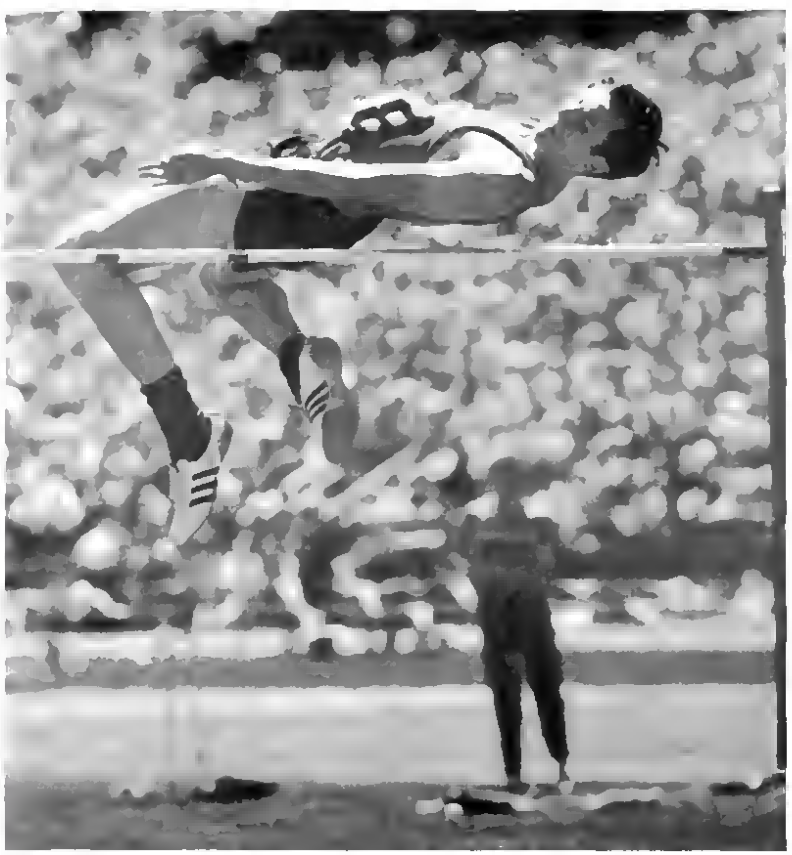
Almost from the start, the 5,000 meters was a four-man race. Lindgren, Steve Stageberg of Georgetown, Arne Kvalheim of Oregon—who had beaten Lindgren at two miles in a dual meet—and Kerry Pearce. A mile into the race, or so he said later, Lindgren was ready to drop out. "I felt like I'd never make it. I tried to surge, but I couldn't. I thought, 'Boy, I'll settle for fifth place right now.' Then I'd think, 'Dawgone, I've got to at least try. I can't end it like this. Bad berries.'"

The four were still closely bunched going into the next to last lap, where Lindgren fell two strides behind Pearce, Stageberg and Kvalheim, in that order. He looked beaten. At the gun for the last lap, Kvalheim sprinted, overtook Stageberg and went into the lead. Pearce fell back to fourth place and Lindgren was now third, three yards back. Then Lindgren went to the outside and began what he called a "wild sprint, a miracle." If it was wild it did not look it. It looked controlled and decisive, and, as the crowd on the far side came to its feet and cheered him on, he went 10 yards in front. The sight certainly must have depressed Kvalheim and Pearce, because they were soon out of it. Only Stageberg remained. He sprinted hard, but by this time what Mike Larrabee used to call "Gerry Lindgren's two hearts" were carrying him well along. Lindgren won over Stageberg by 12 yards.

Lindgren made little self-conscious Churchillian half waves to the crowd as they cheered his walk back to the trainer's tent. He flopped down and the trainer put an icebag on his stomach, and he exhaled, "Ahhhhh."

"Ahhh bad?" said the trainer.

"No, ahhh good," said Lindgren. Good berries. **END**



Backflipper Dick Fosbury of Oregon State tumbles over bar to a meet record at 7'2¼"

A STRAIGHT FLUSH FOR JOE BURK

Pennsylvania's famed crew coach is no sleight-of-hand artist, but by dealing and shuffling the right cards he managed to cash in with a clean sweep of the eights at the intercollegiate rowing championships

by HUGH WHALL

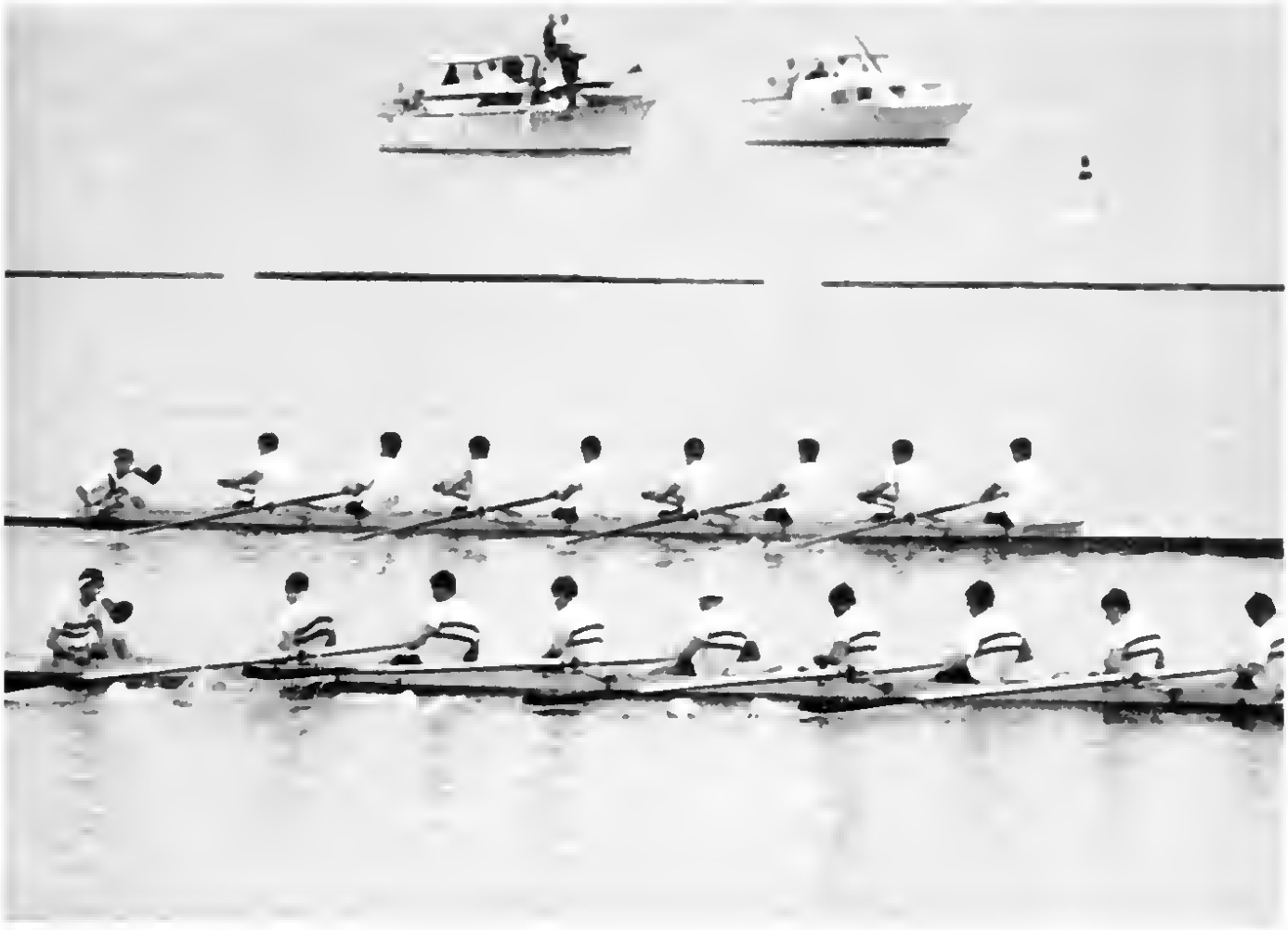
If you have been coaching crew for more years than you care to remember and you have tried almost everything else and you have a chance at last to take your boys to the Olympics, what do you do? The same old weight lifting? The same old early-morning calisthenics? The same old grueling rows on the river? Not if you are Joe Burk, you don't. The courtly coach of the University of Pennsylvania now builds crews by shuffling a deck of cards—and proof that his game pays off was provided last week by the fact that Penn's eights made a clean sweep of Onondaga Lake at the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships outside Syracuse, N.Y.

For Penn's defending champion varsity there was more at stake than merely another IRA victory. This time, Burk told his oarsmen, success could mean a bonus trip to Long Beach, Calif. in July to fight for an Olympic berth against—among other crews—Harvard. Harvard is the only college that has beaten the Quakers this year, and there was not a Penn rower who didn't want another crack at the Crimson.

During this season of 1968 all intercollegiate rowing has been geared to Olympic standards. The course over which 500 oarsmen from 20 schools were to row at Syracuse was changed from the former three-mile pull to the 2,000-meter Olympic sprint distance, and the regatta was all gussied up with Olympic-type trial heats and repechages. All three Penn crews won their first heats with ease on Thursday even though bucking a headwind that corrugated the lake's surface. In view of Penn's record, obviously it was in the cards—Joe Burk's cards.

Joe's cards are no gimmick. They work like this: every potential Penn crewman has a card with his name printed on it. Each day before practice Burk, who looks as much like a gambler as Billy

After a too-fast start, Pennsylvania fell back, then pulled steadily ahead to win the varsity by a length and a half over runner-up Washington



Graham, shuffles the deck and deals. First he picks four starboard oarsmen, then four port, then a coxswain. This crew goes into a boat, and the game proceeds until all shells are filled.

The drawing over, the crews go out and row races against each other until they bust their chops, because, as every Penn crewman knows, a win is worth three points on his record, a second place two and a third one. Two or three days before each intercollegiate event Burk counts up the totals to discover who will man his competing boats.

"I like the card method," Burk explains, "because it keeps everyone working with the hope that he'll make it up to the varsity boat. Day after day we row, until the consistently good ones come to the top like cream." At the IRA Regatta, the Penn cream was obviously as rich and thick as butter.

On Friday, for the first time in its history, the IRA staged repechages, or second-chance races, for the crews that lost out on Thursday. So, while the victorious Quakers spent their time in further practice, those they had beaten raced again, this time on waters where conditions were near perfect. The losers became winners in such style that the lake record for 2,000 meters was smashed not once, but four times.

One mad dash by Princeton automatically established it as the crew with the best chance, if any, of catching Penn on Saturday. Washington's Huskies—victors in the Western Sprints—could not be discounted. Neither could Northeastern, a dark horse that lowered its time over the course by five seconds after Coach Ernie Arlett seated a new, heavier stroke in the varsity boat only a few days prior to the IRA.

By Saturday, as Harvard prepared to thrash Yale in their annual meeting on the Thames River, 250 miles away in New London, Conn., racing conditions at Syracuse had changed from ideal to awful. Friday's sun had given way to clouds, rain and another headwind. The Penn freshmen opened the day with a win, going away at a rapid pace from Princeton's frosh. Then Penn's J.V. beat Orange Coast, a two-year junior college from California that produces better crews than 90% of the four-year schools. It was a close finish, which surprised nearly everyone but Orange Coast. At long last the Penn varsity rowed out to deliver the ritual slaughter.

Before the race began Burk declared that he hoped his boys would not get off to too quick a start. "Generally, we go faster than we should in the first 500 meters," he said. "Rowers are way behind runners in that respect. We don't pace well. Our last quarter is frequently by far our slowest, whereas a runner paces himself much better and finishes faster. Maybe it's because crews face backward and so are able to see what the competition's doing."

Burk was correct about Penn's getting off too quickly. As the six finalists slipped off on the 2,000-meter sprint, Penn shot out ahead, taking the lead with a jackrabbit start. But then, as Penn batters cheered, Princeton pulled ahead, although the lead was so slim it could hardly deserve the name. Northeastern moved into second, followed by



Coach Burk offers some last-minute advice

Penn, Washington, Rutgers and Brown. A single blanket could have covered all six sliding shells. "We wanted to go off at 38," Penn's Coxswain Robert Tansik said later, "but instead we went off at 44." By the midmark, however, Penn had settled into its regular long, powerful pull, rowing steadily at 35; once they dropped as low as 34—and grinding down their rivals in a style that is becoming customary.

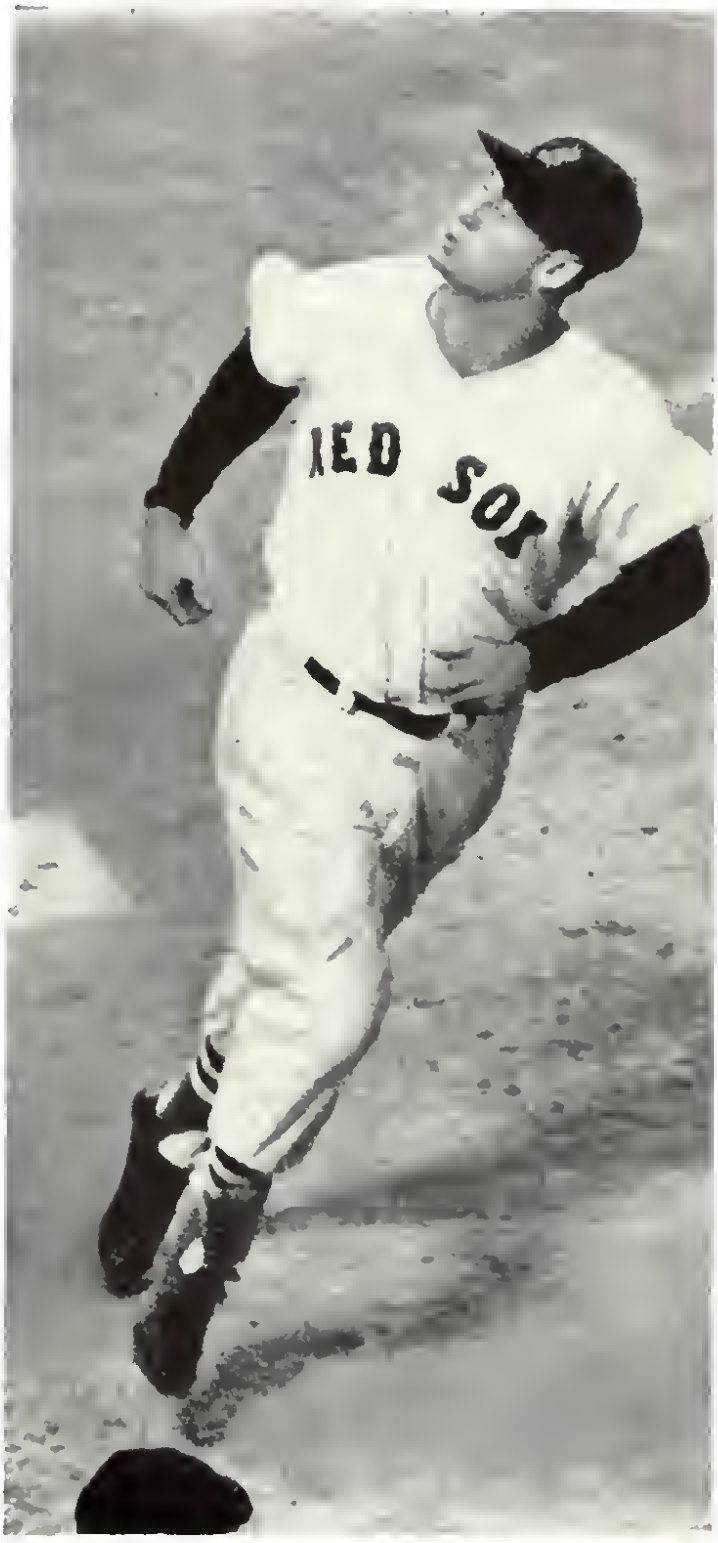
"I never have to swear at them," said Tansik, "but around the middle of the race I did use a little psych. I yelled over and over, 'We gotta get to Long Beach!'" And with that admonition ringing in their ears the Penn oarsmen opened the lead with every stroke of their red-and-blue-tipped sweeps. When they crossed the finish line Washington, Princeton, Northeastern and all the rest were in their wake. "I'm very pleased," said Burk, looking not at all unlike a poker player who has just filled a straight flush.

Afterward, as the Quaker crewmen strolled about, festooned with spoils of victory—the shirts of the defeated enemy—only one question remained to harass them: What about Harvard?

The answer is in the cards. **END**

PART 3: HITTING WAS MY LIFE

TEDDY BALLGAME LETS 'EM HAVE IT



The pressures proved almost too great for the highly strung star, who spat after one homer, recanted with his hand over his mouth after another and, enraged, sent his bat accidentally into the stands

by TED WILLIAMS
with JOHN UNDERWOOD





CONTINUED

The Red Sox made three big mistakes with me during an otherwise neat-and-clean relationship: first, when they tried to keep me from going to spring training in 1942 during my battle with the draft board; second, when I was asked to manage the club in 1955 even though I still had plenty of playing days left. I was not prepared to manage, I was not qualified or trained and I *knew* that the change could lead only to heartache because attendance was bad and the team was bad. The first guy who gets it in a situation like that is the manager, and you can be certain the Boston press would have made it perfectly clear who *that* was. The third mistake, I feel, was when Tom Yawkey, the club owner, tried to get me to retire in 1959 after the only really bad year of my career. I held on for another season—which is fortunate since it came down to one of the most thrilling moments of my life. If in the end I didn't make it as the greatest hitter who ever lived—that long-ago boyhood dream—I kind of enjoy thinking I may have become in those last years the greatest *old* hitter who ever lived. It gives you something to think about when you're waiting for the fish to bite.

Certainly there was never any threat of my going out peaceably because, even with my own maturity, the years from World War II were loaded with troubles—things that happened that will mark me forever, I suppose, as a maverick guy who could not reach an armistice with his environment. They made for some lively headlines: gestures at the fans, spitting in all directions, a flying bat that hit a lady, getting shot down in Korea, unloading a few words on the Marine Corps and the damn politicians, a couple of well-publicized divorces, feuds with other players—*feuds*, for crying out loud, that never happened.

I said I would not want to relive any of it, but that's not quite true. I wouldn't mind another crack at 1946 through 1950, just before I hurt my elbow. They were such big years for baseball, and for me. I was stronger than when I first came up, I was smarter, I was more businesslike. We were in the pennant race every year. They *had* to be the most important years for me, even with all the bitterness that kept building.

We'd won the pennant in 1946 but missed winning the World Series, a big disappointment. I had had an awful Series. I had been so humiliated that I was determined more than ever in 1947, and I wound up having a hell of a year. I led the league in everything and won the triple crown. But in 1947 our pitching went sour. Boo Ferriss, Mickey Harris and Tex Hughson hurt their arms. Three pitchers who had won 62 games in 1946 won only 29 in 1947. We finished behind New York and Detroit.

Now, I happen to believe the Most Valuable Player award is something that should be above personalities and therefore something you either accept graciously or lose graciously. I never made any bones about it one way or the other. I was happy when I won it but never flabbergasted when I lost. That year, 1947, Joe DiMaggio won by one point. He hit .315 to my .343, 20 home runs to my 32, drove in 97 runs to my 114. But the Yankees won the pennant, so on the surface the vote was O.K. with me. But then it came out that one Boston writer didn't even put me in the top 10 on his ballot. A 10th-place vote would have given me the point.

The writer's name was Mel Webb. He was, as far as I am concerned, a grouchy old guy, a real grump, and we didn't get along. We'd had a big argument early in the year over something he had written, and I'd said, "That's a lot of crap you're writing about me," and oh, he got offended as hell. I didn't realize until much later that he hadn't even put me on his ballot, and when somebody challenged him on it he was supposed to have said, "I don't like the s.o.b. and I'll *never* vote for him." Well, the commissioner should have gotten in on that. I don't know what the Red Sox did, but they should have gotten in on it, too. The Most Valuable Player award shouldn't depend on being buddy-buddy with a sportswriter.

I think without question that Boston had the worst bunch of writers who ever came down the pike in baseball, with the Cleveland bunch a close second. Dave Egan, The Colonel, always claimed I poisoned the climate between the writers and the other Boston players, and I wouldn't mind taking some of the credit for that. I remember way back when I used to sit on the bench with Doc Cramer, and one of them who'd been giving me a hard time would sit down nearby. I'd yell, "Hey, Doc, something smells, did you notice?" I know our players and others, even *umpires* would come to me and say, "Boy, you're right about those Boston writers." After a while I didn't cooperate. I didn't want to.

Sure, I was more agreeable and accessible to the writers in New York and Detroit and other places. Why wouldn't I be? They'd come in and ask a sensible question and I'd give them a straight answer, honestly, without politicking, without covering up, without being coy. But the Boston writers would come around pumping, pumping, always after something controversial, always out to put somebody on the spot. I really felt the front office should have done a lot more to cushion us from the writers, or at least kept them away from me or me from them. Eventually we got a rule put in where writers weren't allowed in the locker room after the game, and I was one of the instigators. Manager Joe McCarthy went right along with it. But we barred them for only 15 minutes. I'd like to have made it an *hour* and 15 minutes. I became a clock watcher in those days, the only time in my life. If I caught somebody trying to cheat, trying to get in before the deadline, I'd let out a roar. That's silly, of course, but you can't imagine how bitter I was.

You talk about poisoning the climate. I *have* to think the Boston press poisoned the climate between me and the Boston fans, because fans always pick up their cues from what they read. And you know Teddy Ballgame's ears are going to pick up every word that comes out of those stands. I remember there was a guy named McLaughlin who got to be a real pain. Johnny Orlando, the clubhouse boy, knew him. A little curly-haired guy. He was there every day in left field waiting for me. He'd say, "Yah, yah, ya look like a Coca-Cola bottle, ya big stiff." He'd say, "Did you read *The Colonel* last night?" Egan had ripped me again. He'd say, "Where were you last night, anyway?" He knew where I was—I was in bed by 9 o'clock. But he'd give me that treatment, just aggravate the daylights out of me. Then I noticed one season I hadn't heard his voice, and I asked Orlando, "Where's McLaughlin?" "Oh," Orlando said, "he's in jail. He's a Mafia guy, you

continued

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know." Well, McLaughlin wasn't heard from again for about a year, and one day I'm out there and I hear this voice. "Yah, yah, ya look like a damn Coca-Cola bottle." He was back.

The women never bothered me. They always felt sorry for me. The kids were for me, but they'd pretty much do what their parents did. I said I have done things I was ashamed of. I'll never forget one time I'd agreed to go to some youth function, a fathers-and-sons night. About this time I was real keyed up, and I had this bad day at the park. They were all booing me, and I was mad, and afterward these two guys were waiting for me to take me to this fathers-and-sons thing. I got in the car and I started cussing the fans. "Those goddam chicken-livered sons of . . . Those dirty. . . ." And then I turned my attention on the town. "Boston is the worst . . ." And I'm going on, and then when I get to the place I find out the two guys I'm with are ministers. Gee, I never felt so bad in my life.

Well, you balance the things out and you'd think, here's a guy who scores pretty low in conduct around a ball park. But look at it another way. I am quite sure that anybody who knows me knows I never criticized my teammates, never overstepped the manager, never was critical around umpires. I was never a politicker. I didn't break training rules or stay out late or get into trouble with the law. I never once went into the front office except when I was called. I felt that was Mr. Yawkey's private sanctuary, something he should be able to have, where a ballplayer can't just barge in. I think, too, you will find that the ballplayers like me, and I know there are guys like Carl Yastrzemski and Rocky Colavito and Al Kaline, who have been generous with their praise for the times I have worked with them on their hitting. I didn't get into fights with my teammates—though the writers were always trying to stir up a feud with somebody, Junior Stephens or Jimmy Piersall or somebody—or, for that matter, with the opposition. That's not a bad record for a pop-off guy. I'll tell you, though, I *almost* got into one. I called Vern Kennedy a string of names one time after he threw at me. I was 21 or 22 at the time. I thought he tried to beam me, and when I was running to first base I called him all these names. Afterward I found out he was a street fighter of the first rank, that he could lick his weight in wildcats. But he didn't pick up the challenge. He never heard me.

I admit I reacted to the fans, to what I thought was prejudiced and unfair abuse. Usually I just sassed them back. I remember when I first started there was a guy behind third base who gave me a hard time. I tried to hit *him* with a foul ball. Jack Wilson, who I could handle pretty well, was pitching, so I aimed three or four fouls at this spot behind third but never got close enough. I finally blooped one that fell inside the foul line behind third for what should have been a double. I was so surprised I barely made it to first.

I have no excuse for the way I acted later, for the things I did at certain sensational moments when I couldn't stand it anymore and just *reacted*. Blew up. I would probably do the same things again if the conditions were the same. That's the way I am. Even now, when things are going rotten, when I'm mad about something and I wake up in the night, I'll just let off a *stream* of abuse at whatever the problem is.

The chronology of the incidents blurs in my memory, perhaps because of my shame and hurt. The record says that I made "gestures" to the fans in May of 1950, after I had dropped a pop fly in the first game of a doubleheader with Detroit, then fumbled a grounder in the second. They were not the kind of gestures you would expect in polite company. I was sorry immediately for what I had done. I was called in to see Mr. Yawkey, and he said, "You've got to promise me you'll never do this again." I said I wouldn't repeat the gestures, and we issued a formal apology.

In 1956 I was in a stew over something—I *stayed* in a stew in those days, the boos were coming pretty regularly—and when I hit my 400th home run I happened onto a new method of showing my feelings. I spat toward the press box as I crossed home plate, a sort of "Here's to you, boys" type of thing. Then a couple of days later, standing at home plate, I turned and did it again. By now what the writers were calling the "great expectorations" were getting to be expected of me, and then came the capper.

We were playing the Yankees, a full house at Fenway Park, biggest crowd since World War II. Mickey Mantle hit a high pop fly behind shortstop and I came running in all the way, yelling, "*Mine, mine, mine!*" All the shortstop had to say was, "Take it, take it." But he didn't and I braced myself for the collision. When you're hollering hard and running, the baseball sort of *jumps* at you. This one did. I got it in my glove and it popped out. I was furious because I'd dropped the ball and felt I didn't get any help and because the fans were booing like hell. Certainly it was my fault, but when I heard those boos I was steaming. This was the 9th inning of 0-0 game. Right after that I made a running, over-the-shoulder catch of a drive by Yogi Berra, and now they were cheering, and *that* made me madder still because I hate front-runners, people who are with you when you're up and against you when you're down.

Well, if I'd had a knife I probably would have stuck it in somebody's heart. This was after I'd gotten back from Korea, and I was at the point where I was pretty low on everything and everybody. I came running in and I spat toward right field and spat toward left field. Then, after I got inside the dugout, I leaped back out and spat again. And boy, that *really* got them. Then, in our half of the 11th, the Yankees brought Tommy Byrne in with the bases loaded. On a 3-and-2 pitch he walked me, walked in the winning run. Even *that* made me mad. I threw my bat in the air and almost didn't go to first base. I was just disgusted with the whole thing.

Mr. Yawkey was in New York at the time, and he heard Mel Allen's account of the game on radio. Evidently I'd been spraying it around pretty good that year, because that broke the camel's back. Mr. Yawkey fined me $5,000, second only to Babe Ruth's in the history of that kind of baseball punishment. I apologized. I said I was especially sorry about the $5,000 it was going to cost me. (Actually, Mr. Yawkey never did take it out of my pay. He kept me hanging for a while, then he said, "Aw, Ted, we don't want your money.")

The next day the papers were writing that I ought to quit baseball. I think they felt they finally had me on the ropes by then. They really poured it to me. It was awful. That night we were playing Baltimore. It was family night in Boston, another big crowd, and everybody was in for the kill. All the TV people and the writers, even the ones from New

continued

York and Detroit, were there saying, probably hoping, "They'll nail Williams to the cross tonight," meaning the fans. Well, the greatest reception I ever got was that night when I came to home plate. Without question, the greatest reception I ever got. I said to myself right then and there, "Boy, these fans are for me. They're showing these lousy writers, and they're showing me." From that day on I was convinced. I knew I had played for the greatest fans in baseball. And it just so happened that I hit the home run that won the game in the ninth inning. When I crossed home plate I made a big display of clapping my hand over my mouth.

That was the end of the spitting. I let loose one in Kansas City one night, but that was an afterthought. That same year I accidentally flipped a bat into the stands and hit Joe Cronin's housekeeper in the head. The bat had too much stick-um on it, and I was so mad over striking out I tried to throw it away hard, but it stuck to my hands and flipped into the air. It was certainly unintentional, and the lady was just a queen about it. I felt awful. When I went to see her in the first-aid room the blood was running down her head, but she just smiled and said, "Don't worry, Ted, I know you didn't mean it." A real little queen.

But I am damn sure I would never spit at those fans again. The Boston fans were the best. What I hadn't realized before was that they enjoyed being intimate with me, in that small ball park where they were right on top of the play. Too many cases prove the point. For example, the day I went to Korea and they all joined hands in the park and sang farewell to me, the day I came back, the ovations I always got, and the crowds that would wait around after the games for me. I was, in the final analysis, the darling of the fans of Boston. I am sorry I was late finding out, but I'm glad I *did* find it out.

Just this last spring in Ocala one of the Red Sox minor league players said to me, "You know, my dad used to be out there in left field when you played, and he used to boo the hell out of you. He used to go out there and have a few beers, and he'd really have fun giving you the old raspberry. But you know," he said, "my old man liked you." I had to smile. "Well, you tell the old rascal I'd like to have a talk with *him*," I said. The kid said, "Well, he's dead now."

The thing that writers like Huck Finnigan kept harping on until the day they died and probably the thing that hurt me most because it was *so* unfair was that, as one of them wrote, in the "10 most important games of his life, Williams hit .232." In capsule, the .200 in the World Series, seven games, 1 for 4 against Cleveland in the playoff for the pennant in 1948, and 1 for 3 and 0 for 2 against the Yankees in 1949, when we lost a one-game lead with two games to play. In those last two I walked twice each game. That was against Allie Reynolds and Vic Raschi, two pretty fair pitchers. I put one right up against the damn fence the last day, but it was caught.

Well, you can take any 10 games you want out of a guy's career and pick his record apart if that's how you want to judge him. But if you're fair, you've got to say in the end, "The guy played *22 years*. And there were a lot of games where he *did* come through." They don't talk about the time the Yankees came into Boston in 1948, one game back, and I beat Tommy Byrne the first day with a two-run home run and knocked them out of the race. They don't talk about going 6 for 8 when we won our last three to force the playoff with Cleveland. They don't talk about the 11-game winning streak we went on in the last three weeks of 1949 to take the lead, and I won four of the games with homers off Hal Newhouser, Steve Gromek, Reynolds and Eddie Lopat. I led the league four times in RBIs in those years when we were in the pennant races. I led six times in runs scored. I think if you'll check you'll find that no batter who ever played this game had a better on-base percentage than Ted Williams. To space all that out so that, as the Egans would say, I helped only my own average would have been a damn miracle of self-service.

Egan was great for this. One day in Detroit, I think it was 1955, we were behind 4–3 in the ninth inning and I struck out with the tying and winning runs on base. Before the score was up Egan had fired off the most vicious thing you've ever read. I got the paper in the mail the next morning in Detroit. (I always kept up with my critics.) "Typical Williams, never hits 'em when we need 'em, yow, yow, yow." You would have thought I was the first man who ever struck out with the bases loaded.

The very next day we're losing again, 3–0, and it's the ninth inning and damn if we don't get three men on, two away, and I'm up. All I could think of was Egan. It seemed I always had something like that to goad me on. They brought in a lefthander, Al Aber. He had a sidearm, kind of crossfire delivery. Well, I got him to 2 and 0 and I hit a home run to win the game. That didn't put an end to Egan for good, of course, because he could always be illogical, but the reason I bring it up is that *nobody* can do it all the time.

Then they would say I took too many bases on balls, and they'd quote somebody like Ty Cobb. "Williams sees more of the ball than any man alive, but he demands a perfect pitch. He takes too many bases on balls." I have two arguments for that. The best years I had for driving in runs were when I had Joe Cronin hitting behind me, my first years, and when I had Vern Stephens hitting behind me. No pitcher was going to walk me, boy, to pitch to Cronin or Stephens. I had opportunities unlimited. I had other good hitters behind me some years, like Rudy York and Bobby Doerr, but the pitchers worked around me even with them, and in other years, when the Red Sox lineup wasn't exactly murderers' row, they often just flat out walked me. I set a league record in 1957 for intentional walks.

All right, so Cobb and a couple of others said I took too many close pitches, "begging walks," that I should have gone for the close pitch when we were behind and needed runs. My argument is, to be a good hitter you've got to get a good ball to hit. It's the first rule in the book. Now, if I'm a real dangerous hitter and they're pitching me cutely, a little outside, a little low, a hair inside, I'm not going to get that ball I can really hit, I'll have to bite at stuff that is out of my happy zone. Out there, now, I'm *not* a .344 hitter, I might be only a .250 hitter. My argument is, if the guy behind me is, say, a .300 hitter and, having walked me, they *have* to pitch to him, they'll probably *have* to get in his happy zone, his .300 zone. A good hitter, I believe, can hit a ball that is over the plate three times better than a great hitter can hit a questionable ball that is not in the strike zone.

Fortunately, of course, pitchers still make enough slips or get in situations where they can't walk you, and a guy

continued

John P. Greenhouse of Del Mar, California, at the U. S. Naval Oceanographic [illegible] exploration geophysicist



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John P. Greenhouse talks it over with MONY man Walt Plegel

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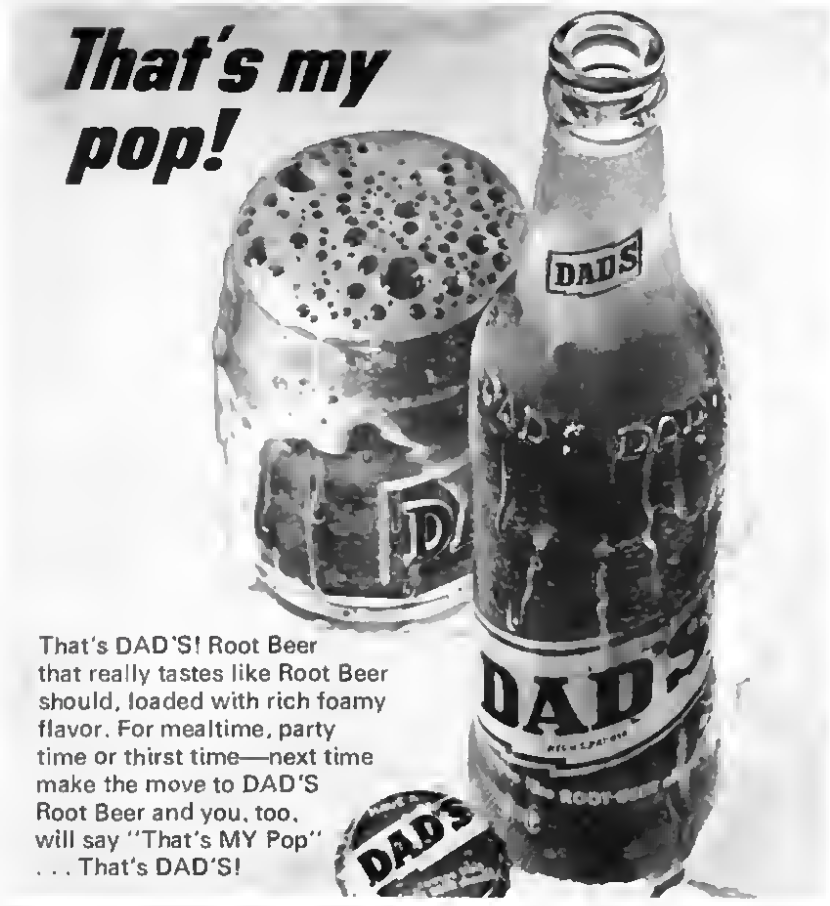
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like me winds up averaging .344. But the greatest hitter in the world can't hit bad balls well. You've *got* to get a good ball. Once you start going for the pitch an inch off, the next time that pitcher will throw it *two* inches off, then three, and before you know it you're hitting .250. I never gave pitchers that luxury. As a result they walked me more than 100 times a season for nine of the 19 years I was in the big leagues.

In 1948 and 1949, with Stephens behind me, my two-year total of at bats was more than in any two years after the war. Stephens was at the top of his game, and I had a couple of hellish hitters in front of me, Dom DiMaggio and Johnny Pesky. We had a great thing going. In 1949 Stephens and I each drove in 159 runs. Nobody has driven in that many runs in either league since. I remember being bothered because the writers had been writing about this "feud" with Stephens. Just for spite, we decided to never shake hands in public view. Any applause we had for each other was confined to the dugout. Anyway, during the last game of the season I was on second and Vern hit a blue darter into left field, a base hit. Ordinarily I would have scored, but the ball was hit so hard right at the fielder I had to hold at third. That bothered me because I felt some people might think I should have gone home and Stephens should have led for the season in RBIs. But he'd do that, Stephens, hit those vicious line drives. He was a *strong* little guy. Nobody booed.

The other thing the writers *always* harped on was that I wasn't a team man. This had to hurt me. But you can say anything you want about the game of baseball, it's an *individual* game first, and it's impossible for me to help you field the ball or for me to hit the ball for you. The best thing I can do for you is give encouragement. I can't do your job.

I remember one year when the Yankees had won the pennant—which they always seemed to be doing—and Gil McDougald had had a great season. I was in Boston to sign my contract, and a press conference had been set up. I usually took those opportunities to straighten somebody out. One of the writers said, "Why don't we win more, don't we have a leader?" I said, "Well I don't know. I think pitching is important, hit-

ting is important, fielding is important. I think balance on the club is important. What do you mean by 'leader'?" He said, "Well, someone like the Yankees have. Someone like McDougald." Probably a damn Irish writer out of Boston. I said, "Tell me why you think McDougald's the leader on that club." He said, "Well, gee, the pitcher gets in trouble, McDougald goes in there and starts talking to him, settling him down. He's *important* to that club." I said, "Yeah, you think so, eh? You know the real reason he went in there? Probably because Casey Stengel rubbed an earlobe or picked his nose to signal for McDougald to get out to that mound and slow that son of a gun down until he could get another pitcher warmed up." That ended that.

The 1948, '49, '50 Boston Red Sox were fine teams but we didn't win the pennant, and I feel doubly bad about that because of Joe McCarthy. He finally quit during the '50 season, I think out of his own extreme disappointment. But Boston people forget that there were three or four other good clubs in those days. Cleveland and Detroit had excellent pitching. When they talk today about the great Yankee teams of all time, they always mention 1947 through 1950, and we played them just about even over that span. They were always j-u-s-t a little better on the road. But for me Joe McCarthy made those years memorable.

McCarthy was hired in 1948 to manage the club. He'd been the Yankee boss. A tough guy, a disciplinarian. Strict curfews, no poker playing, watch your step. Boy, the writers saw trouble ahead for me. McCarthy was *really* going to straighten out Williams. I remember reading about it and saying to myself, "Gee, this is the end. This is the end for me in Boston." Well, the first thing they didn't realize was how much my attitude had changed from the prewar years. I was a lot more serious. I wanted to make money. I was *going* to make big money, big contracts coming up. And I know now they didn't know McCarthy. They put it to him: What about Williams? And straight off he said, "If I can't get along with a .400 hitter, it'll be *my* fault."

So we got down to spring training, and his rule with the Yankees had been that players wear ties in the dining room. All I had ever worn were sport shirts. I didn't want to wear a tie, I didn't want

continued

Guess who stole the show at the Open

(heh, heh, heh. The Bandit struck again)



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to dress up. That first night in spring training I ate in my room, and when Joe McCarthy came into the dining room, with all the writers around, he was wearing the biggest, gayest sport shirt you ever saw.

From the beginning there was an atmosphere around McCarthy's ball club that we had never known before or since. All managers are serious, all managers have rules, all managers have a way of doing things. But McCarthy was the complete manager. You could sense that something extra, that completely businesslike attitude. He was for the players, but he didn't play big favorites. His pets were the lesser guys, the guys he could make examples of. He wasn't worried about the press. He knew how to get his message over. Here was a disciplinarian who probably had fewer discipline problems than anybody.

McCarthy was never big for conversation with players, and, except for Cronin, I never had much to say to managers. I remember McCarthy would sit at the end of the bench, and I'd come back to the dugout after really ripping one. He'd say in a kind of monotone, looking straight ahead, "If I could hit like you I'd play for nothing. I'd play this game for nothing."

In those years I was always last to leave the park. I'd sit around after a game, weighing my bats, fooling with my glove, checking out new shoes, seeing how many pounds I'd lost, checking my uniforms. I must have hated to leave. After we lost to Cleveland in the playoff for the 1948 pennant I was in there a long time, so down, feeling blue. Everybody was getting organized, getting dressed, end of the season, goodby, goodby, and I was just hanging around with my sweat shirt still on. Finally I showered and dressed and was walking through the training room when I heard this voice behind me. "Well, we fooled 'em, didn't we?" It was McCarthy. "What do you mean, Joe?" "Well, they said you and I couldn't get along, but we got along pretty good, didn't we?" I said, "Yeah, we did, Joe." Joe McCarthy was something special. I loved Joe McCarthy.

NEXT WEEK

A Marine pilot in Korea, Williams tells of a fiery crash, his triumphant return to the Red Sox and a beautiful end to a career

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Long before the emergence of Pop art, Wayne Thiebaud was noted for his paintings of common objects, notably pies, banana splits, Yo-Yos, lipsticks and hot dogs. Last year Artist Thiebaud traveled to Wimbledon to observe that august tennis tournament. On the following pages are his impressions —a ball lying on the grass, the outside courts at Wimbledon before the day's matches have begun, a female contestant toweling herself off as she changes courts between games and the silver cup emblematic of victory

A Ball at Wimbledon




10
3





For Tigers and Rabbits, Rules Are Rules

What can one tell a stranger going to Wimbledon for the first time? Even now after 40 years of rounding the tree-lined bend atop the hill and seeing that green, triangular oasis cupped in the gently sloping valley, I am excited by the view. Monster red London buses shuttle between the club and railway stations crawling incongruously through the prosperous residential approaches, bringing a mishmash of spectators, officials and others to do with the tournament. Ticket touts pester all but the most purposeful from the bus stop to the entrance gate. If you have a colored ticket or a badge, you may pass through that gate, but never before midday. Wilhelm Bungert, wanting a practice session before his finals match against John Newcombe last year, was unable to break this rule. Jaroslav Drobny and I, among others, have in the past been embarrassingly refused permission without our badges, even though our faces were familiar to the guards. At Wimbledon rules are rules for tigers and rabbits alike.

Once within the iron gates, the broad walk lies before you. It is always good to amble along the walk, meeting and greeting friends, some unseen for 20 years. Progress is slow because the walk is jammed with people, among them program sellers and ice-cream vendors—oftentimes junior players who were unsuccessful in gaining a spot in the tournament. You will also see schoolgirls scrambling for pictures of the players, matrons filling bags with far too many candies from the help-yourself counters, tennis experts studying the scoreboard and players conferring seriously with tournament promoters from all over the world. At the east end of the walk are the tea lawns, where you can eat the strawberries and cream for which Wimbledon is famous. Nearby is the exclusive members' entrance, and around it loiter celebrity spotters. Perhaps they will see a movie star or maybe Princess Marina, the club president, who succeeded the late Queen Mary. Wimbledon has enjoyed regular royal patronage ever since the late King George V, then Prince of Wales, paid his first visit to the championships in 1907 and later donated the cup (*left*) received annually by the winner of the men's singles.

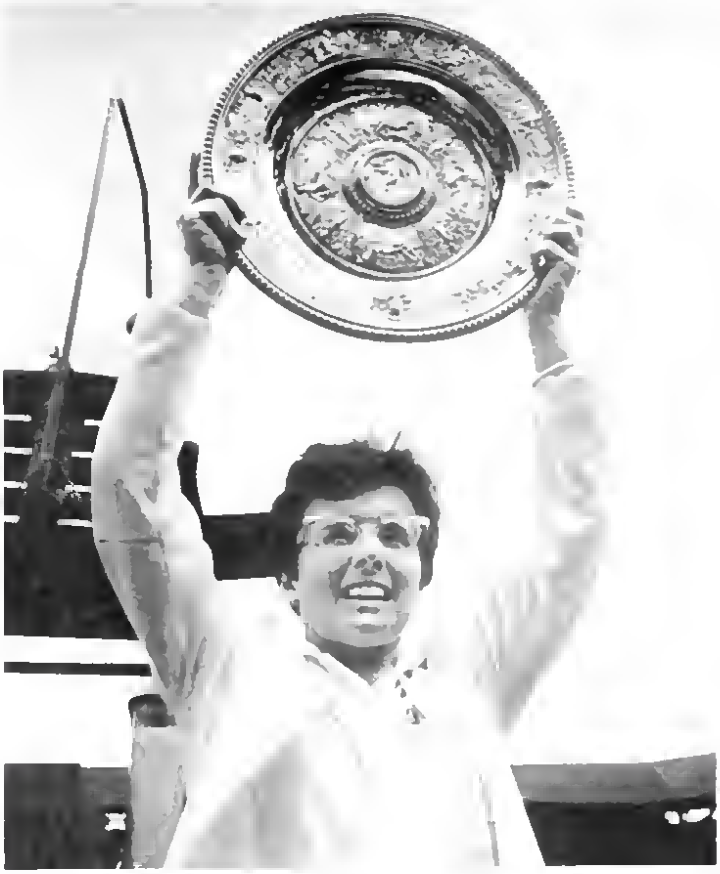
The 13 grass courts that support the famous center court and its 7,000-seat sister, court one, can be reached by asphalt paths that crisscross between them. It was on these courts as a fan, then a competitor and finally as a writer that I first caught glimpses of such players as Fred Perry, Don Budge, Ken Rosewall, Chuck McKinley and Billie Jean King (*next page*). Take a careful look at the players battling there now. Perhaps someone will one day be as well known.

Promotion from the outer courts to the enclosed court one and then into the historic center court itself is only for a favored few. Hemmed in by an oval of 15,000 intent faces, one experiences an eerie mixture of loneliness and oppression. Amplified clonks accompany each stroke, and cameras click with each diving volley. Many players wilt beneath the pressure, but few fail to embrace a subsequent inspiration that lifts them to new heights. Indeed, some wish never again to play on any other court.

When the day is done, it is good to enjoy a slowly sipped gin and tonic at the clubhouse. Chats with lifelong friends at the vast middle-Saturday cocktail party become the focus of one's fortnight. Martial music from the Guards's band in the corner merges with Field Marshal Montgomery's predictions of who is likely to win. Jean Borotra expounds on the authorized player—is he really going to be 70? Was it truly 1924 when he won the singles? It does not seem that long ago.

This year begins the Open era and Wimbledon moves on. Its standards are supreme, and as long as they continue so it will make little difference how the world designates those who compete—amateur, professional, authorized player or player—for it is the secret of the place that it demands and pulls the best out of everyone.

—C. M. Jones



BY KIM CHAPIN

Center Court Is Her Domain

Billie Jean King has been queen of Wimbledon for two years. Although she says she would drop tennis if her husband insisted, she hopes she will someday be recognized as the best woman player of her time



This is the way it will be next Tuesday at Wimbledon's All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Billie Jean Moffitt King, 24, of Long Beach and Berkeley, Calif. will step onto center court for her first match to open the traditional Ladies' Day program, an honor reserved for the defending champion. That day, and for the rest of the championships, she will peer out from behind rhinestone-rimmed glasses that protect her 20/400 eyes from legal blindness. She won't be thinking about her lazy thyroid or her finicky colon, which have prompted doctors to suggest she get plenty of sleep and no tension, or even about the $80,000 contract she received for turning professional earlier this spring.

What she will be thinking about is winning. She will serve and volley well, and she will hit winners off both her forehand and backhand. And she will exhort herself by slapping her thighs, squinching up her nose and uttering things like, "You idiot!" "Hit the ball, you big chicken," "Move your feet," and "Get down, you fat little thing." (Billie Jean is 5′ 6″ tall and weighs 140 pounds, which does not make her fat, but then she wouldn't be mistaken for Twiggy either.) And maybe if she really is moved to bigger and better verbosity she will shout, "Peanut butter and jelly!" as an errant forehand slides over the baseline. Wimbledon fans will still love her, despite the snickers, as they loved another American named John Hennessey, who, not being familiar with the niceties of royal protocol, tipped his racket and said, "Hiya, Queen," when the regal Queen Mary entered the Royal Box during the 1928 championships.

Eleven days later Billie Jean will probably win Wimbledon, in the process putting down the strongest field ever assembled for the tournament. She will have her third straight Wimbledon title, something last accomplished by Maureen Connolly in 1952-54. And most important, she will take her rightful place beside Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills Moody and Little Mo herself.

Larry King, a law student at Berkeley, has become accustomed to signing autograph requests as "Mr. Billie Jean King."

But for a lot of reasons nobody will be really quite able to accept that, and this is something that bothers Billie Jean. She is not egoistic about it, just curious. "I don't know what it is," she said. "Even people close to me just don't believe I'm all that good." There was a time when even Billie Jean didn't believe she was all that good. In September 1964, just a few credit hours away from a Los Angeles State College degree, she suddenly crated up her textbooks, left behind her fiancé and her family and headed for Australia and three months of tennis lessons. There was nothing too peculiar about this, except that Billie Jean was already one of the world's ranking players and had captivated tennis audiences everywhere. Now she wanted to turn her whole game inside out, because she still stood one cranky forehand and a good service away from the major championships—and recognized greatness.

Billie Jean did not go quietly. To all who asked she said, "I am leaving to become the No. 1 player in the world, and *I can't do that and go to school at* the same time," which is not the sort of thing one generally announces from the pro shop roof. As Maureen Connolly Brinker, who was a fair player in her day, said, "To do what she did was quite a brave step on her part."

"I was scared," Billie Jean said recently of that decision. "Terrified. It's bad enough when you say to yourself you're going to be No. 1, but when you *tell* people, wow. You suddenly feel maybe you haven't got it. When you ask anybody if they want to be No. 1—win Wimbledon or something like that—they naturally say 'yes.' But they don't really know what it's like, and when they don't make it, it's awful."

But she believed in herself, and so did Robert Mitchell, a Melbourne tennis philanthropist who financed her three months Down Under as he had earlier helped Australians Roy Emerson and Margaret Smith. More important, Mervyn Rose, the former Aussie Davis Cup player also believed in her and offered to coach her. What it was like was eight hours a day under Rose's tutelage, when she wasn't playing in various tournaments, mainly working on her flamboyant forehand (more top spin for more control), her service (more slice for more power and variety) and her court strategy.

"At the end of each day I was physically and mentally exhausted," Billie Jean said. "The whole thing was very discouraging. I would double-fault 15 times a match with that new service and lose to just about everybody. People told me, 'Go back to your old game. You can win with it.' But Merv convinced me my game would be better."

At the end of that Australian summer Billie Jean's game was better, and instead of winning a tournament one week and losing to an unranked junior the next, she proceeded to bomb just about everybody with great regularity. The real test came later in 1965, at the U.S. Nationals in Forest Hills, N.Y. In the finals she met an old nemesis, Margaret Smith, at the time the world's top-ranked woman player. Billie Jean built 5–3 leads in both sets before losing, but no matter. "After the match Margaret told me that was the best she had ever played," Billie Jean said, "and right then *I* knew *I* had it."

Until then Billie Jean was just another promising youngster, whose clawing and gutty style of play earned her the nicknames "Little Miss Moffitt" and "Jilly Bean" and the reputation of a lively firecracker who liked to go around beating hell out of her elders.

The one match that had given her this reputation was, of course, her victory over the same Margaret Smith at Wimbledon in 1962. Smith was top-seeded, Billie Jean not seeded at all. Their second-round match went late into the third set with Smith serving for the match at 5–3, 30–15. Billie Jean remembers saying something epigrammatic to herself like, "If you're gonna do anything you'd better do it now." She did. The shot was a real live all-or-nothing backhand down the line, which caught Smith with her racket down.

Smith was finished, except three games later with Billie Jean now serving for the match at 6–5, 40–love, Billie Jean double-faulted. Then a bad call moved the score to 40–30. "I've never been so nervous," she said. "When I went back to serve I believe my knees were actually knocking." She got her first service in, then faded a backhand volley down the

continued

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line to win the point and match and the hearts of the Wimbledon crowd.

Now things are different. She has two Wimbledon titles and one victory at Forest Hills, as well as just about everything else it is possible to win. She is no longer an underdog, but an established star. Therein lies the rub.

"Everybody likes an underdog," Billie Jean said. "Even at Wimbledon they're less with me now than they were in 1962. They like young, talented people, and now they like Rosie Casals. Geez, it's so strange. I can see everything that happened to me happening to her all over again. Maybe I'm getting old.

"I don't think I've changed much. But I do things now and people nudge each other and snicker and say, 'Isn't that quaint?' Well, I've always been like that. People don't understand."

Billie Jean's supremacy will be tested at Wimbledon by three old rivals, Margaret Smith Court and Maria Bueno, both of whom are in the midst of comebacks after long layoffs, and by Nancy Richey, who has now beaten Billie Jean twice in a row, most recently in the French championships two weeks ago. None of the three are convinced Billie Jean is unbeatable, even on the fast grass of Wimbledon. Bueno, 29, whom Billie Jean defeated in the 1966 Wimbledon final, said, "I do not wish to and cannot declare I am the world's best player, or that my own technique is superior. But if I didn't think I played better it would not be worthwhile competing. We shall play and we shall see."

Court, 27, was a bit softer, but not much. "Over the past seven years I've played her many times, but I wouldn't say I had some of my best matches against her. somehow the excitement of a game with, say, Bueno, was lacking. I didn't pick up a racket for 16 months before playing against her last winter [King defeated Court for the Australian title in January], so I cannot make any comparison or analysis of our games because I was not in peak form."

For the defense Maureen Connolly herself says bluntly, "Billie Jean just has to rate as the ultimate. What she has is that rare ability to rise to the necessary pressure threshold and stay there for the big ones—those moments when it's 30–all and you've missed the first serve and have to get the second one in. Billie can get it in. She gets to that finely honed

point, all tuned up like a Ferrari, and she can play at that level as long as it's necessary.

"Ann Haydon Jones always gives her a tough match, but it's that big tournament edge that gives Billie the advantage. Margaret Court can be a great power player; Maria Bueno has the classic technique. Those three and Rosie Casals are real tough and have shared a lot of titles between them. But Billie's a great champion, and it means something to have come up through that pack."

And when you get there? "When you're going for the top you think that when you get there you'll be able to reach out and know more people—help them," Billie Jean said. "But it doesn't work that way. They isolate you. I want to write a book and tell people what I'm really like, not just what they see on the court. Everybody thinks I'm tough and flaky. I'm not, am I?"

Her friends might not think so, but the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, that group of crusty establishmentarians which runs tennis in this country, might be more inclined to agree.

First, in her early career she played in tennis shorts, instead of a dress, which shocked people right there. Then she chose to come up through the ranks as a Public Parks player in Long Beach, and to the Southern California establishment, especially Perry T. Jones, who ran the whole Southern California show, that was heresy. "Jones didn't actually hurt me," Billie Jean said, "but then he didn't help me very much either."

All of this was mild, however, compared to what she said when she did reach a degree of prominence. An incessant chatterbox—she will talk with anybody who will listen, whether it is during a game of darts in a London pub or just wandering through the stands after a match—she has leveled a whole bevy of blasts against the USLTA, things like:

- "They should throw out the whole bunch of them and start over again."
- "I made my living as an amateur tennis player. Now that I'm a pro I just make more money, that's all."
- "The one place I hate is Forest Hills. The officials—I don't know what it is—they seem to sit back and gloat when you lose, like they want you to lose."

Billie Jean has had no love for Forest Hills since 1966, when she learned that the umpire for her second-round match

continued



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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE — MILWAUKEE

was to be Al Bumann, the Texas official who argued the USLTA into reversing itself and letting Nancy Richey share the country's No. 1 ranking with her. Failing in an attempt to get another umpire, Billie Jean became petulant, hit every shot as hard as she could and blew the match. It was not her finest hour.

Donna Floyd Fales, a close friend of Billie Jean's and former Federation Cup captain, said, "Amateur officials are often annoyed by her statements, but they also realize she is a great drawing card. She can afford to say those things—she's No. 1. Billie Jean is still very immature in many ways, and she ends up boxing herself in by making impulsive and poorly considered statements. Hopefully they will do more good than harm in the long run. Her husband has been a great steadying influence over the past two or three years."

Her husband is Larry King, a polite, confident and self-effacing young man, who has got to win some award for patience under adversity. They met in the fall of 1962 at L.A. State, started going together the following spring and were married in October 1965. Though things have worked out well—after 2½ years they still hold hands like high school seniors—their marriage was not exactly one of convenience. First, Larry is a year younger than Billie Jean; second, at the time of their marriage he still had a year of undergraduate work and three years of law school to look forward to, and third, with Billie Jean on the world tennis circuit, they hardly get to see each other. And when they do it's usually across a desk at the University of California law school library, he studying torts, precedents and all that, she knitting or reading Oscar Lewis. And despite that hefty $80,000 pro contract Larry still works at the Delta Phi Epsilon sorority house as a waiter to help pay the bills.

"It's probably better we're apart so often," Billie Jean said. "When we are together we just enjoy each other so much, not much law gets read and I don't get much practice in."

Being the husband of a famous woman athlete does have its moments. Larry still occasionally gets asked for his autograph, which he dutifully signs as "Mr. Billie Jean King."

"I don't get put on too much anymore, though," he said. "The guys at the law school still can't believe it, but I think most of them are envious—or think I'm crazy."

But all Billie Jean says is, "I've told him if he ever wants me to quit, just say so. It's hard to stop, and it will be for me. But if he had said that 2½ years ago I would have quit.

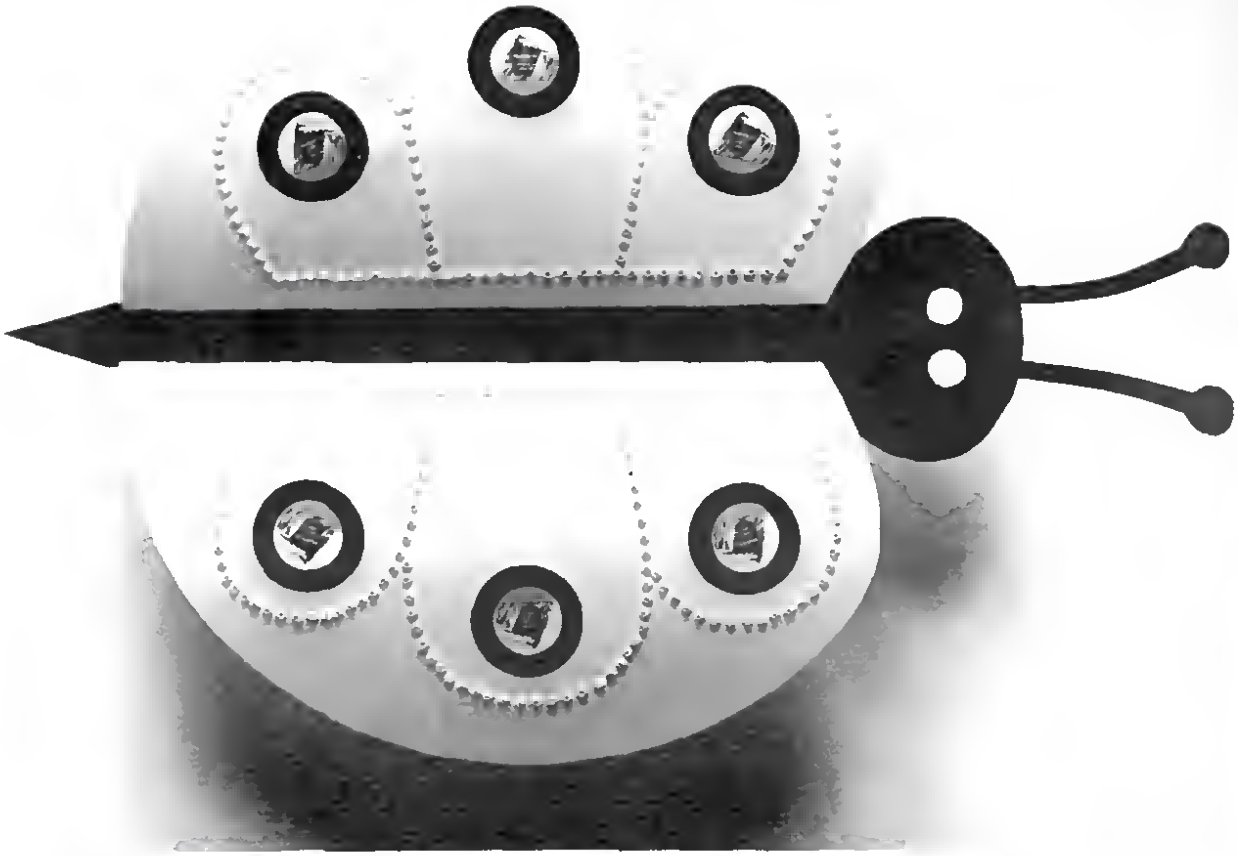
"When we were married Larry said it's a shame when people don't use their talent. I agree. I think it's the worst thing in the world."

That talent should take her to her third straight Wimbledon title. Maybe then Billie Jean King, the perpetual underdog, will get the recognition she deserves. END



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HORSE SHOWS / *Alice Higgins*

Got an old coach in your barn?

The man who has everything need not despair. A suitably expensive hobby has again become fashionable. That old sport of driving a horse or, better still, four of them, is enjoying a revival and is now a prestige symbol in the show ring. At the recent Devon, Pa. horse show, for example, no fewer than 11 four-in-hands were shown in classes, while 35 vehicles, ranging from a pony cart to an English coach, competed in the show's third private driving marathon. In fact, driving is suddenly experiencing such a renaissance that there will be two new shows devoted entirely to the sport this year—one at New Brunswick, N.J. and the other at Newport, R.I.

Devon gets the credit for keeping the event alive through the years when only three entries turned up to compete. One of those traditional enthusiasts was James K. Robinson Jr., chairman of the show. "I've always liked to drive," he says. "I'll drive anything—draft horses on the farm, mules, anything I can get my hands on." What he and his wife, also an accomplished whip, now drive for both show and pleasure is a team of Canadian crossbreds, half Clydesdale and half Hackney. "We need big horses," he says, "because most of the time we use our coach for picnics. It weighs 2,700 pounds. We load it up with food, drinks and guests, then drive through Pennsylvania's Amish country and eat and drink while we enjoy the drive."

Robinson does not consider himself a carriage collector, like many of the sport's devotees. He keeps only seven or eight, just those that can be used. Most, he says, were given to him by people who wanted to find a home for the vehicles and an owner who would not let them rot away unappreciated.

While Robinson collected his coaches locally, before the boom, Philip Hofmann of New Brunswick, N.J. went abroad for most of his. Hofmann, 59, decided he was a little old to risk falling on his head, so he changed from riding to driving. He started fooling with a team of Canadian half-breds which, he says, almost killed him. Slightly daunted but not discouraged, he went to the international show in Aachen, Germany with his daughter Carol, who was a member of the U.S. Equestrian Team. There he not only bought the German driving championship team of horses but imported the master as well for six weeks of instruction. He was so pleased with the experience that he returned to Germany to buy still another team of Holsteiners which he showed this year at Devon. Hofmann's road coach, shown with brass-fitted harness, and his park drag, shown with silver-fitted harness, are valued at $15,000 each. The harness, hard to find, costs between $3,000 and $5,000. Reviving the Dickens scene is not uncomplicated or cheap.

For collectors, the Philadelphia area is a mother lode because it was a center of wealth at a time when the horse and carriage were in their heyday. It has become so well known among carriage fanciers seeking vehicles that last year a drag needing refinishing was sold by a local resident for $20,100 and a footboard lamp brought $1,100.

Still, most four-in-hand drivers cannot resist adding to their collections. J. Cecil Ferguson of Rhode Island has amassed 35 assorted vehicles over the years. A Morgan horse breeder, he shows his home-bred team, three of which were sired by his champion stallion Parade, who traveled with the Lipizzaners when they were in this country four years ago.

One of the most beautiful restorations now to be seen is the Brewster park drag of New York's Chauncey Stillman. Nineteen coats of paint and varnish on the carriage were hand-rubbed to a rich gloss, and the equipage is drawn by four imported Hackney horses. For occasions like the Devon and Toronto shows, Stillman also imports a driver from England, Mrs. Frank Haydon. This combination has been retiring challenge trophies at a fast clip. Unlike other coaches usually piled with guests and a brightly clad footman to play calls on his yard of tin (an English coach horn), the Stillman drag is shown austerely empty. The owner, in fact, is usually to be found among the passengers atop someone else's coach. END

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

No kid-glove treatment when the girls play

The atmosphere was competitive, the crowds partial at the Royal County Down Golf Club in Northern Ireland last week as the heavily favored U.S. Curtis Cup team had to come from behind to defeat the scrappy British

There was a time when the amateur matches between the lady golfers of the U S and the British Isles were elegantly genteel affairs. In 1905 Miss Margaret Curtis of the U S team had her caddie carry two pairs of white gloves, one pair for herself and the other for her opponent, in case the twosome was caught in a downpour and their leather grips began to slip. But last week when the American women met the British in the Curtis Cup matches at Royal County Down Golf Club in Northern Ireland no one was getting kid-glove treatment at all.

After two days of tough, scrappy golf before some 10,000 people the Americans finally managed to win 10½–7½. It was the 11th victory in 15 tries for the U.S. (American teams have lost two matches and tied two) since 1932 when the series became officially recognized as the Curtis Cup. That was the year when Miss Curtis and her sister Harriot donated a trophy that is a copy of Paul Revere's *Sons of Liberty* bowl. Happily, the British have never understood the irony, or have politely overlooked it.

Margaret Curtis, who died in 1965 at 82, played golf into her 70s, using clubs purchased in a Boston bargain basement. Actually her daily rounds of golf seemed to serve as an excuse for a related activity; she took almost as much delight in scavenging balls in the rough of the exclusive Essex Country Club course in Manchester, Mass. At the end of one summer, her best as a ball hawk, she reported finding 62 varieties, including two Japanese brands. There was always a selection of old golf balls in a silver bowl in the hall of her Bullfinch house on Beacon Street, and if an acquaintance came to smoke an after-dinner pipe with her—another pastime she much enjoyed—he would be sent away with a pocketful of nicked golf balls. Miss Harriot, now 88, still lives in the house on Beacon Street, though she seldom ventures farther these days than the New England Baptist Hospital thrift shop, where she likes to buy her clothes.

Almost unnoticed at last week's matches was one of the sisters' 1905 opponents, Mrs. May Ross, winner of the 1899 Ladies' British Championship at Royal County Down. She set off for the course each morning, shooting stick in hand, determined to watch the new breed of golfers. What she saw were 19-, 20- and 21-year-old Americans, who came with golf bags the size of old railway trucks. Down the side of these bags were their names—Shelley Hamlin, Sunnyside CC, Fresno, Calif., Lou Dill, Baywood CC, Houston, 1967 U S Amateur Champion, Peggy Conley, Spokane Country Club. The bags are a measure of their assurance and a reflection of the influence of professional golf on young American amateurs. "When your girls appear with those big bags it intimidates our golfers," a British newspaperman said. Even the youngest members of the U.S. team act like pros. There is a certain bravado in the way 21-year-old Roberta Albers strides down the fairway when her game is going well. "That girl has a killer instinct," an elderly golfer who was watching her declared in a slightly disapproving tone. On the course Peggy Conley squints at distant greens like Jack Nicklaus. "I've also got his hips," she chuckles. And she also has

continued

SHELLEY HAMLIN YUKKED IT UP AFTER FIRST-DAY VICTORY, THEN WAS UPSET THE NEXT





ROBERTA ALBERS (LEFT) AND TISH PREUSS CONTRIBUTED TO THE AMERICANS' RALLY

GOLF *continued*

some of his power. On Friday Peggy reached the 496-yard 18th hole in two shots, the first woman anyone could remember ever doing so.

Shelley Hamlin, at 19, likes a crowd's company and she performs best for it. One afternoon before the matches began a hundred people stood around her as Bill Cox, a Ryder Cup player in the 1930s and now a commentator for the BBC, gave her some apparently unnecessary golf lessons in her first practice round she shot a 72. Humorously, Cox suggested he might be able to give her some help with her driving.

"Your shot goes too far," he said.

"Yes, I do need help," Shelley deadpanned. "They're always straight down the middle and it's monotonous." Though she is a Stanford University sophomore and potentially the best woman golfer in the U.S., she is more a wide-eyed child than a coed. "You should have seen the Rolls-Royces that met us at the airport," she told reporters with a sigh. "On the way here from Belfast people out in the fields working would wave at us."

The other U.S. players were veterans Ann Welts, the three-time National Amateur winner, Jean Ashley, who won the national title once, and Tish Preuss, a player in three previous Curtis Cups.

In comparison, the British seemed hardly to have a chance. There was no national title holder on the British side. The English, Irish, Welsh and Scottish championships had been decided in late May after the Curtis Cup team had been named. The Ladies' Golf Union, which chooses the British team for the cup matches, had decided it could not wait for the results of the national tournaments because it had to order the team's uniforms.

"It's just like the LGU," said Enid Wilson of *The Daily Telegraph*. "It's more concerned with what a team looks like than how it plays. We always make an imperial muddle of choosing our side. The British are amateurs."

The LGU did do one thing, however, to buoy up the British amateurs' egos. It bought the players large sky-blue golf bags, perhaps not as large nor as flashy as the Americans', but remarkably impressive. "Did you see the bags they've got?" the father of one British player asked excitedly. "Of course, they are too big for ordinary use."

Only two members of the 1966 British Curtis Cup team were back. The other girls had been "very careless" about getting married and raising families, it was explained. Of the 1968 team, 24-year-old Ann Irvin from Blackpool was the best and most consistent golfer. The only other well-regarded players were Belle Robertson, who had been a member of the 1966 Curtis Cup team, and 19-year-old Dinah Oxley, a tall, shy, long-hitting girl who drives a tractor for the greenkeeping crew at her local course when she is not golfing. She finished second in the English championship, the best performance of any member of the British Curtis Cup team.

In 1889 Tom Morris was given $19 to lay out the Royal County Down. (The Irish like to say that after that money was spent, God did the rest.) For several days before the matches began a hot sun burned down on the seaside links, and in the heat the heavy, sweet scent of gorse hung heavy in the air. The course itself, running through the sandhills, wild rose and heather that stretch from the foothills of the fabled mountains of Mourne down to Dundrum Bay, baked hard. By Friday, when the matches began, the greens would not hold a shot. The only alternative was a pitch-and-run, a shot that is foreign to the Americans.

In the foursomes on Friday morning the U.S. team hacked and hooked and shanked. The only notable shot an American managed was Peggy Conley's four-iron to the 9th green, which ended up inside a lady's handbag. The U.S. lost two of the three morning matches and by lunchtime the crowd on the course had swollen to five and six deep around the greens. The spectators groaned with anguish, however, as the Americans quickly won the early holes in the afternoon. By the time the first singles match reached the 12th green the U.S. players looked like certain winners. Ann Welts was 1 up, Shelley Hamlin 3 up, Roberta Albers 4 up after six holes, Peggy Conley and Tish Preuss 2 up and Jean Ashley all square after three holes.

But the British team surged back and the galleries surged with them, running and jostling for position. In the excitement the roar of the crowd drew bathers on the beach, and in their swimsuits they mixed with the spectators in tweed plus fours. Periscopes appeared. Stewards began using bullhorns to direct the galleries. "There are more people here than at any pro tournament I've been to all year," one London newspaperman declared with amazement. Applause for fine American shots became reserved and polite. "I heard one guy behind me

say, 'I hope she misses the bloody putt.'" Lou Dill reported later. "And bloody is a bad word over here."

The American team, few of whom had played before so large a crowd, became acutely sensitive to its mood. Peggy Conley hit into a trap and heard a replay of the shot in agonizing detail from a BBC commentator in a tower above her head. A roar went up on the 17th green, and a man in a crowd on the 18th fairway declared knowingly, "That's our Bridget Jackson all even now." Little by little the Americans' prolike veneer was chipped away. Ann Irvin beat Ann Welts. Shelley Hamlin and Roberta Albers struggled in 1 up. Peggy Conley, who had been 3 up, and Tish Preuss, who had been 2 up, were tied, and Jean Ashley lost. By evening the British led 5-4.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Robert Monsted, the nonplaying captain of the U.S. team, shifted her lineup in the foursomes. She put what appeared to be the weakest team—Peggy Conley and Lou Dill—first in the lineup, preferring to use them as cannon fodder against Britain's strongest combination, Ann Irvin and Belle Robertson. She was willing to give away one match to make two wins certain in the foursomes. If the strategy worked, the British and the U.S. would go to lunch on Saturday tied. But Lou Dill and Peggy Conley, oblivious of their supposed fate, kept on almost even terms with the British pair throughout the morning, and when Ann Irvin fluffed a pitch into the rough at the 18th green the Americans halved the match. They won the other two foursomes and so went half a point up on Britain.

In the afternoon singles matches the American girls again started out confidently, and again it looked like a rout. The crowd became quiet. A steward on the 5th green told a group of women, "Girls, will you please move back from the bunker. You might stop an American ball from going in." And when Peggy Conley did get into trouble on the 3rd hole, an elderly lady chortled, "She's in the rough. Thank God for that." Then Britain's Ann Irvin, who had been 2 down to Shelley Hamlin, came back to finish 3 up, giving the spectators heart. Belle Robertson dueled through 18 holes with Ann Welts to finish all square. Now the British needed to win three of the four remaining matches to take the cup. On the back nine they played hard and well. At 17 Britain's Vivien Saunders and Roberta Albers were all even, and the match had been so intense that Roberta had not even noticed that her opponent was putting cross-handed. When Peggy Conley came to 17 she was just 1 up on Margaret Pickard, and Bridget Jackson was closing on Tish Preuss. The one match the U.S. was certain to win was Lou Dill against Ann Howard. She was 4 up with six to play. On the 17th green Mrs. Monsted, the American captain, anxiously twirled a sheaf of yellow papers. Written on the pages were notes for the presentations ceremonies—"friendship and warmth, important *things*." At the moment they seemed strangely ironical. But in the pressure Roberta squared her match, Peggy clung to her 1-up advantage and Tish Preuss won 2 and 1. The U.S. had survived.

"The Americans are stronger and better out of bad lies," the defeated and disappointed British captain, Mrs. Zara Bolton, said. "They just concentrate on golf. They are dedicated. They follow the sun to play golf. Our girls have other interests. It's still a game with us."

It is in the U.S., too, but a rougher game. The American girls gave up white gloves long ago. **END**



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FISHING / *Duncan Barnes*

A western discovery in Mar Caribe

Times have not been the same for the Turneffe Islands since Bill and Dolly Haerr got down from Canada

Sportsmen seeking angling adventure in the tropics have concentrated almost entirely on the eastern Caribbean, roughly from the Bahamas south through the Leeward and Windward Islands and on down to the northern coast of Venezuela. The vast expanse of the western Caribbean has long remained in limbo for all except a few adventurous souls who have, in the company of mosquitoes, sand fleas, fer-de-lance and iguanas, fished for tarpon and snook in the remote jungle rivers of coastal Central America.

Now, as if they had arisen out of the warm, blue sea only yesterday, new islands in the sun are being "discovered" in the western basin of Mar Caribe, and fishermen need only look at the charts, sketchy though they may be, to see the vast potential. Between the southeastern tip of Yucatan and Punta Gallinas, Colombia there are hundreds of uninhabited cays, surrounded by bonefish flats and laced with natural channels and cuts chock full of tarpon. Barrier reefs, like the 118-mile-long reef paralleling the coast of British Honduras, swarm with snappers, jacks, alhacore, grouper, cobia and barracuda. On the outer edge of the reefs, in the deep blue, there are bonito, dolphin, king mackerel, blue marlin, sailfish, school tuna and wahoo. Yet, until Bill and Dolly Haerr came down from Canada's Northwest Territories in 1966 to open the first modern fishing camp in this part of the world on the Turneffe Islands, 30 miles southeast of Belize, British Honduras, few of these game fish had ever been taken on tackle more sophisticated than handline and strip bait trolled slowly in the wake of a native shoulder-o-mutton sailing smack.

The Turneffe Islands are actually a chain of low-lying cays some 35 miles long, surrounded by a barrier reef. Yet on the U.S. Navy's hydrographic chart No. 1498 they are depicted as one large cay or atoll in the shape of a left foot arched to windward. The notation—"Innumerable islands and lagoons—Good Passages for boats"—is of little consequence, since none of the passages that wind through the maze of mangroves are marked. Furthermore, the chart offers this blunt warning: "Lighthouse Reef and the eastern side of the Turneffe Islands are enlarged from a British survey in 1830 and must be approached with caution."

But Bill Haerr is not one to be stopped by anything as insignificant as outdated marine charts. "You learn to run a boat in waters like these more by personal experience than by charts," Haerr says. "As for hurricanes, the records show that this part of the Caribbean gets a bad one only every 30 years or so. What's more important is the fishing potential here, and it's fantastic. On the strength of that, my two partners [trucking executives Art McCue of St. Paul and Sy Harlan of Des Moines] and I *have sunk $150,000 into Turneffe* Island Lodge. We are trying to make a go of a fishing camp on a tropical island that few people ever heard of. I guess you could say that all it really takes is a lot of guts and no brains."

What it really takes is what Bill and Dolly Haerr have to offer—nearly 20 successful years in a business fraught with uncertainty. They started out in 1948—two newly married kids from Mankato, Minn.—at a camp on Cormorant Lake in Manitoba, Bill working as a dockhand and guide, Dolly cooking and making beds. For the next 13 years they moved from lodge to lodge, absorbing experience, saving what money they could and raising two daughters. The big break came in 1961, when the Haerrs took over the management of Great Bear Lake Lodge in the Northwest Territories. Four years later they opened their own place, Arctic Circle Lodge, on Great Bear Lake. "It was a gold mine," Haerr admits. "We sold it this year, simply because the price was right and because the money would come in handy for Turneffe Island Lodge."

During the winters, when his Canadian lodge was closed, Haerr prowled through the Bahamas looking for a spot to open another camp, but property was sky high and most of the good beach access was owned by speculators. Then a longtime friend, Tom McNally, outdoors editor



THE GOOD FISHING BEGINS ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE HAERRS' CAMP

of the *Chicago Tribune*, told Haerr about the Turneffe Islands. McNally had fished there with Vic Barothy, a guide who had been chased off Cuba's Isle of Pines by The Beard and had established a fishing lodge on the Belize River and a rustic outcamp on Cay Bokel in May 1966. Haerr spent three days exploring the flats, the barrier reef and the mangrove-lined channels and was sold. He put a down payment on the camp and 10 acres of land, most of it tangled mangrove, and made arrangements with a Belize contractor to modernize the existing facilities and to build new cottages, a laundry, staff quarters and an outboard shop.

During the months before Turneffe Island Lodge opened in December 1966, there were times when the Haerrs seriously considered chucking their island in the sun. British Hondurans do not consider themselves Latin American, but they are still Latin enough to put everything off until *mañana* or, more accurately, until two weeks after *mañana*. "Our first guests were due on December 3," Haerr recalls, "but when I got back to Cay Bokel in October the contractor wasn't even half finished." The fact that Haerr took over and met the December 3 deadline must be some sort of efficiency record for *mañana* land.

To encourage foreign investment, the British Honduras government removes all duties and taxes on new enterprises for the first 10 years of operation. Considering the freight that Haerr shipped to his island, the saving was considerable. In all, 42 wooden crates, each of them six-feet square and packed with plumbing and electrical fittings, mattresses, springs and bedding, wheelbarrows, deepfreezes and refrigerators, tools and eight 16-foot fiber-glass skiffs and outboard motors, were brought to Belize by boat. There, the crates were loaded into barges and towed by tug to Cay Bokel.

The problem of maintenance on a salty tropical island has proved formidable. Haerr and his men are forever prowling around under the raised cottages with flashlights, checking the plumbing for the saltwater toilets. The camp's generators require constant scrutiny. "If the power goes off for a day in this heat," Haerr says, "we could lose $1,000 worth of meat and other perishables." There are additional headaches, not the least of which is the freshwater supply. Haerr's only source is rainwater collected in four 20,000-gallon storage tanks. If the

continued



A VISIT TO OUR BOTTLING house by Mr. Tom Motlow brings to mind how he helped win a gold medal for Jack Daniel's whiskey.

Before he became Lynchburg's banker, Mr. Tom worked some at his Uncle Jack's distillery. And it was Mr. Tom who persuaded his uncle to put his whiskey in competition at the 1904 World's Fair. He even helped bottle the case that was entered. As it turned out, Mr. Jack left St. Louis with the gold medal in his pocket. So, even before he went to the bank, Mr. Tom had a way of picking the good risks over the bad.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE © 1968, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow Prop., Inc.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP 384), TENN.

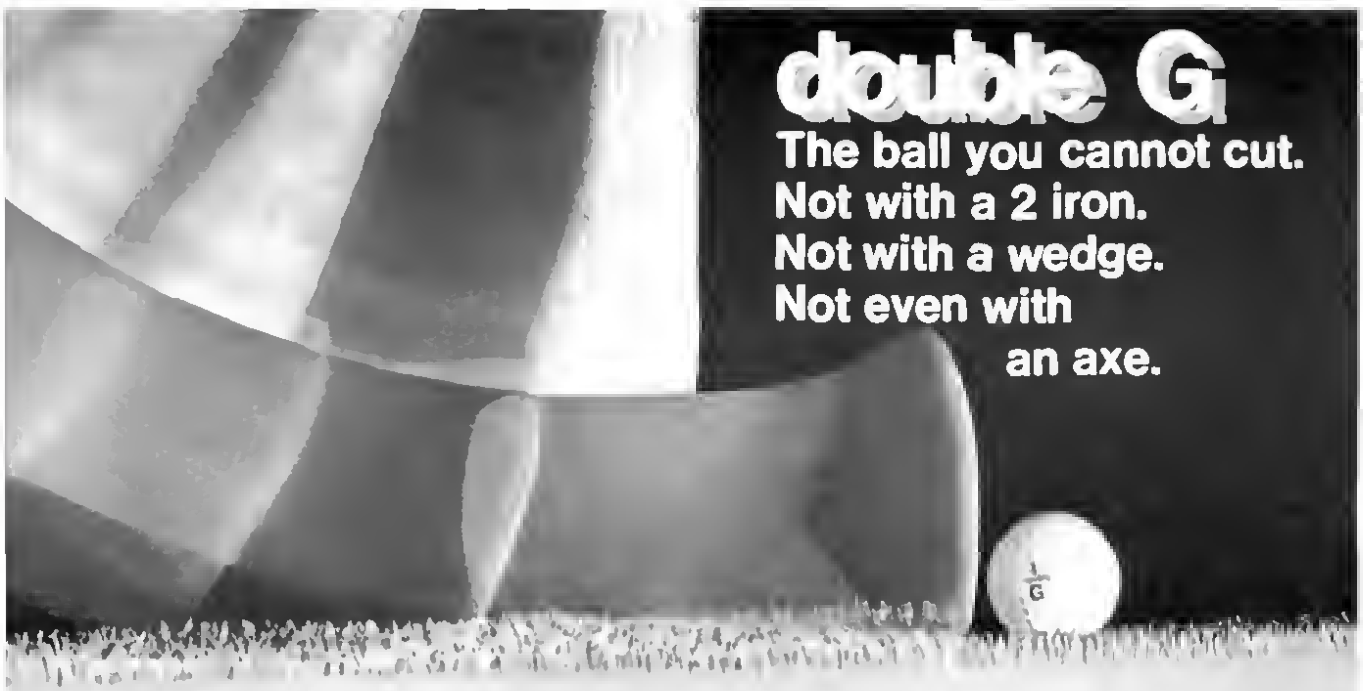
supply gets low he has to hring in harrels of water from Belize

Fishermen who insist on miles of manicured beaches and lawns, air-conditioned rooms and mariachi serenading while the four-page gourmet menu is being studied, can forget about the Turneffe Islands. Not that Haerr's guests are exactly reduced to roughing it. There are beaches, which Haerr created by building coral-rock seawalls and letting the shifting tides fill in the sand, and green grass—the seaweed used to fill in the low spots around the camp proved to be a fine mulch. Dolly Haerr brought in seedlings and now supplies her kitchen with homegrown tomatoes and pineapples. The prevailing easterly trades provide natural air conditioning, and the food, prepared by Benny Martinez, the shy, barefoot cook, is far from ordinary. Among Benny's specialties are conch chowder, a salad made with raw cubed conch spiced and marinated in lime juice, fried red snapper, broiled lobster and coconut-cream pie.

And there is the fishing, which is, in a word, exceptional. Says Haerr with a smug grin: "You can see that for lots of people the very variety is frustrating. Here comes a guy from Chicago who is raring to get at it, but where does he start? Should he hit the passes for tarpon, or work the bonefish flats first? While he's mulling that over, someone mentions that he got a big wahoo the day before just outside the reef. Then there is the yellow honefish at Calabush Cay. It swims right in with a school of normal bones and looks to be about four pounds. It would be a rare trophy."

Haerr's pitch is as true as it is unusual, but most fishermen are inclined to concentrate at first on the bonefish, and they need go no farther than 300 yards from camp to find them standing on their snouts in eight inches of water, broad V tails waving slowly above the water as they grub for crabs, worms, clams and grass shrimp. Although it is possible to catch as many as 50 or more bonefish in a day by blind casting chunks of fresh conch into the trenches that border the flats, the sportier method is to stalk them on the flats. It is not unusual to find bonefish tailing right up against the harrier reef, but the surf washing over them makes the fish spookier than usual, and the plop of a tiny ⅛-ounce lead-head jig enhanced with a piece of conch often results in a great whoosh of water as the panic-stricken bonefish streak off across the flats.

After a long, suspenseful day of sneaking around the flats, chasing elusive fish that are scared of their own shadows, one can always switch to plug casting for tarpon in the mangrove-lined channels and passes. The tarpon are always there and, except for occasional fish of 100 pounds or more, they run in the 20-to-40-pound class. The time to fish for tarpon is at sunrise or in the evening, when they are chasing schools of pilchard and balao. In the company of wading herons, ospreys and pelicans, you can drift lazily with the current, casting into likely looking holes. When a school



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GENERAL TIRE

of tarpon is spotted rolling on the surface things happen fast, especially if Burley Garbutt is acting as official guide and interpreter

First off, you make several casts with your brand-new, scientifically designed, torpedo-shaped, perfectly weighted plug Nothing. Then Burley, looking properly apologetic, will offer you *his* favorite plug, an ancient jointed-minnow creation full of impressive tooth marks and clusters of rusty treble hooks. On the first cast a tarpon swirls under the plug.

"Dat tarpon, 'e git vexed at de bait," Burley shouts in singsong Creole. "'E come now, mon. MON, 'e git it."

For every 10 tarpon hooked, a fisherman will manage to bring one to the boat, if he is lucky. The other nine will make several high, twisting leaps and throw the plug

"'E rid de bait, mon," Burley says. "'Nother tar-*pon*. Cast dere. Ah, 'e come to de bait. 'E GIT IT. Oh, 'e rid it, mon." And so it goes until the school finally sounds and the fishing is over.

The Gulf Stream, which flows past the Turneffes just outside the barrier reef, has not yet been seriously fished, but Haerr plans to bring down experienced charter-boat men from Florida or the Bahamas to work the stream for sailfish. Whether it is actually the Gulf Stream or a similar body of warm, moving water formed by the winds and the equatorial current is something that oceanographers are still arguing about If the sailfish are indeed there in numbers, Haerr can offer fishermen virtually every species of Caribbean game fish, with the possible exception of giant bluefin tuna and white marlin.

In the meantime fishermen who spend a week at Cay Bokel (Haerr offers an eight-day, all-expense package deal from Belize for $550) can get all the action they want with the bonefish and tarpon They can also take side trips to the lagoons for small snappers, jacks and barracuda and to the barrier reef for big red snapper and grouper. The inside edge of the reef teems with small fish and startling formations of brain and staghorn coral.

The cays are also full of promises for the amateur naturalist. There are all sorts of wading birds, wild pigeons, woodpeckers that feed on the fruit of the night-blooming cereus, huge nests of termites that are reputed to be capable of devouring a large palm tree in one year and the red-footed booby, a rare species that nests only on Half Moon Cay, 32 miles east of Cay Bokel Among the other attractions on Haerr's list of "exotic wildlife" are key coons, iguanas, horned lizards—which the guides call "bush willies"—and a few alligators. Haerr prefers not to include the boa constrictors in his list, since the chances are his guests will never see one even if they want to. The guides consider the boa "bod poison" (which it is not), and they religiously avoid any place where one might conceivably be hanging out Their reasoning, according to an old Creole proverb, is simple: "Coward mon keep 'soun bone " **END**



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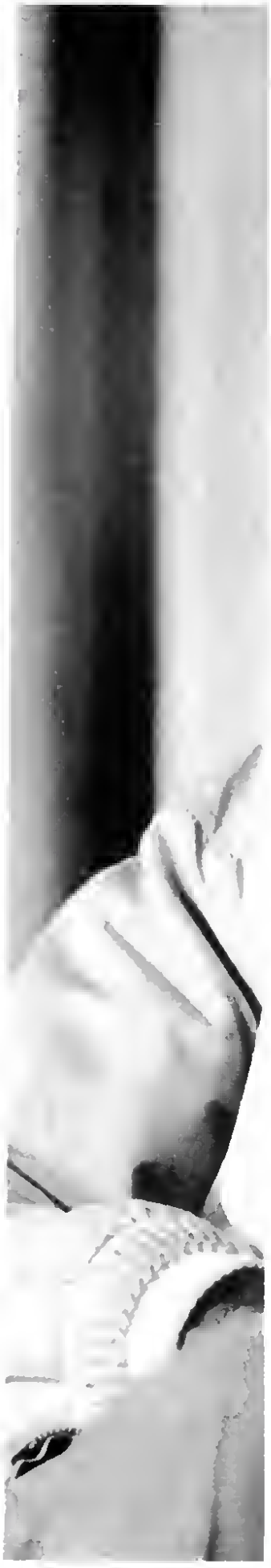
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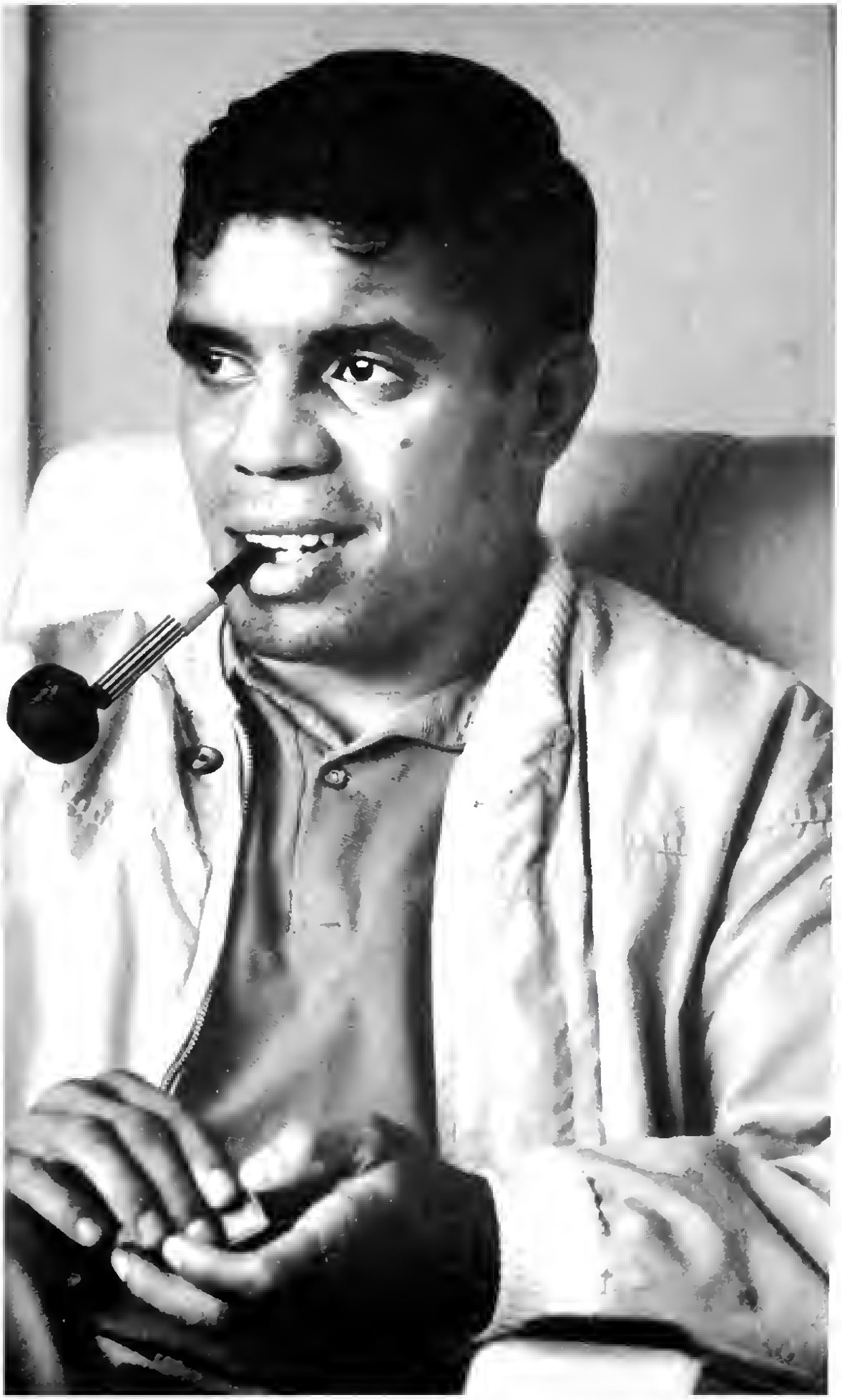
THE ORIGINAL ABORIGINE

Out of the Australian bush comes Lionel Rose, who trains on tobacco and—as the first 'koori' to win a world title—gives hope to the No Hopers BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

The bantamweight champion of the world hails from the vicinity of Drouin, a village in Gippsland at the southernmost lump of Australia, about 50 miles out of Melbourne and within sight of Mount Baw Baw. A few Australian sportswriters have come to call him the Drouin Dazzler, but his given name—Lionel Rose—is far more lyrical. Indeed, it has such a gracious, *proper* sound that it evokes vague visions of Kipling's pukka colonels, of dove-gray top hats and spats at Ascot Heath, of little tsk-tsks over tea about how positively *crook* it is that Queen Victoria's empire has fallen into such disrepair. Of course, there is seldom any truth in the sound of a name. Lionel Rose is an aborigine, the first of his race ever to be world champion of anything, and he is only 19 years old, at that.

The night Lionel Rose won the championship, last February 27, he was in Tokyo, 5,000 miles away from Drouin, in the elaborate, pagoda-shaped Nippon Budokan Hall, which is on a hill bordering the grounds of the Imperial Palace. The man he defeated was Masahiko (Fighting) Harada, a tough if grossly oversized bantamweight (he had to shed some 30 pounds before he fought Rose), who had held the 118-pound title for nearly three years. The fight was not televised, but all across Australia that night people clung to their radios as if the ringside announcer were Winston Churchill. And when Lionel Rose was awarded the championship, the continent went wild, for Australia has had only one world boxing titlist, and that noble fellow, another bantamweight named Jimmy Carruthers, retired in 1954. Women wept over Lionel Rose and men shouted. Autos pulled off the road so strangers could embrace in the headlight beams and the Prime Minister sent Rose a wire of congratulations. There was elation among nearly all of Australia's 12 million citizens that night.

But among the nation's 130,000 aborigines, Lionel Rose was Hercules, Charles Lindbergh and the Messiah all rolled into *continued*



one. Men danced in the streets outside soot-stained brick houses in the Redfern slums of Sydney. They fired guns into the air near the tumbledown settlements of bark huts in the dry Todd River bed outside Alice Springs. They threw their hats in the air around drovers' campfires on the vast cattle stations of the outback. And they toasted Lionel Rose in long draughts of *goom* (liquor) in the shabby living rooms of welfare-board houses from Darwin to Drouin. For them, Rose's moment of victory was a millennium, a glimpse of Valhalla from a valley of squalor, a vicarious justification of the hope that their own futures might rise beyond futility.

The people of Lionel Rose, the *koorts* as they call themselves, are for the most part a docile, downtrodden lot. They have inhabited Australia for some 20,000 years, a tenaciously primitive race that clung to its Stone Age ways long after the descendants of Australia's original convict-colonists had settled in and updated the continent with the ugly accoutrements of progress—wire fences and power lines and factory smokestacks. A few aborigines have made it profitably in the white man's world, as ministers, teachers, insurance agents. And a handful of Australia's *koorts* still live the prehistoric nomadic existence, roaming the blazing hot reaches of the outback and Arnhem Land with boomerangs and spears, stalking wallabies, lizards, birds and mice for food, subsisting on roots or wood grubs when the game is scarce. They are called The Nakeds. But the great majority of Lionel Rose's people live in an even more uncertain world, bereft of their old simplicity and utterly dependent on the well-intended but inevitably demeaning charity of the white man's welfare board. A lot of them are what Australians call the No Hopers. It has been said that the aborigine crouches on an island of rubbish between two worlds, that of his ancestral blackfellows and the new progressiveness of whitefellow ways.

One morning not long ago Lionel Rose was driving his car, a conservative 1967 Holden station wagon that he jauntily calls a "chariot," along a two-lane highway near Drouin (rhymes with spoon), and he was humming songs like *Memories Are Made of This*, *Way Back Home* and *Sentimental Journey*. He was steering rather casually with one hand and holding a pipe to his mouth with the other, he inhaled the bitter smoke as if it were country-fresh air. He is a handsome little fellow, with coal-black wavy hair, a huge sunny smile and boyish features that reflect only vestiges of the brooding, broad-nosed look of his ancestors. Like most *koorts*, Lionel is not a full-blood, although he is considered more than a half-caste (which exempts him from the draft). As he drove, he carried on a running commentary about the lush, green landscape. "See that field? My granny used to pick peas there. She'd carry me on her back when I was a little bloke. She and I are great mates. She used to hitchhike with me into Melbourne to see the lights."

The dairy farms along the road were as prettily cultivated as anything in southern Wisconsin, but he kept referring to them as "the bush," a term Australians use for anything rural. "See that hill," he said. "I like to hunt rabbits there. I drive down here once or twice a week, you know, to get away from the hubbub in Melbourne. Sometimes I don't even bring my rifle, I just go into the bush to hear the birds sing. They say that aborigine blokes go mad with homesickness if they're away for long, but I think I come back just to get away from it all." He speaks with the soft, quasi-Cockney accent common to Australia (eight becomes "ite," but all the "aitches" get said), and his grammar, syntax and vocabulary require no laundering to put them in print as reasonably immaculate Queen's English.

As he drove into Drouin (pop. 1,638), a neat little place that looks like an Australian counterpart of Gopher Prairie, Lionel said, "They think of me as just 'Slim Rose' down here. In Melbourne I don't go to the football matches because little boys climb over people's backs in the stadium to touch me, you know, but in Drouin I'm just a cheeky aborigine kid."

Rose lives in Melbourne (pop. 2,228,000) now, in an unlikely ménage with Jack Rennie, a printer who is his manager, Rennie's wife, Shirley, and their two little boys. When Lionel is in Drouin he visits his mother and some of his brothers and sisters (he is the eldest of nine), his father died five years ago, and the widowed Regina Rose now lives with her brood in a sturdy-looking, but rath-



With his mother and a brother, Rose responds to huge Melbourne crowd after victory in Tokyo

er slovenly kept house that is supplied by the welfare board. She is a shy, child-like woman who is in her mid-30s but looks older. She has become fairly accustomed to the questions of reporters now, but she speaks to strangers with downcast eyes and an almost inaudible voice. During this visit of Lionel's, she was talking about his childhood. "Oh, yes, he was a lively chap, you know. He used to play away the days. He'd come home and tell me everything that happened in school that day, and then the teacher'd stop by and ask me where he had been. Me husband paid fines twice because Lionel stayed away from school, and the third time he couldn't afford it and me husband was in jail for 48 hours." Lionel scoffed and said, "They didn't even lock the door. They told him he could go home if he cleaned the place up, didn't they?" She smiled and said softly, "I suppose maybe he was teaching you a lesson."



Picking their way through littered yard, Rose and Mrs. Rennie leave Aunt Euphy's after visit.

From Drouin, Lionel Rose drove out into the bush, along meandering dirt roads, and then he turned into a badly rutted track. "My uncle lives up here," he said. "He runs a sawmill where I used to live when I worked with him." After a jouncing half mile, he stopped the car in the yard before a squat, crude house made of rough-cut planks that had turned dark gray in the weather. A few pigs wandered aimlessly about outside the building, moving easily around the rusting hulks of a couple of auto bodies in the yard. Beyond the house lay a tumbled assortment of other gray lumber structures with tilted beams and a patchwork of board roofs and walls hammered up in a splendid, random manner. "That's the sawmill and those are barns for the pigs," he said. He gazed at the buildings, and a broad smile appeared on his face. "My uncle was not renowned for his carpentry," he said.

His uncle was not there but his Aunty Euphy was and she came out of the house with a jolly chuckle that showed her pink gums and offered a hearty invitation to tea. The interior of Aunty Euphy's home was dark although it was noon. A small cooking fire flickered in a rough cement fireplace, and there was a box of garbage near the door with a friendly swarm of flies above it. Some of the furniture was made from the same weathered lumber and with the same unique skill as the buildings outside. The bantamweight champion of the world sipped at tea from a cracked cup, then strode to a dusty shelf and said, "Hey, you must have 50 pounds worth of silver here." Astonishingly, out of the darkness there appeared a massive assortment of silver trophies, plaques, statuettes and cups. They seemed as out of place in Aunty Euphy's as a Rolls-Royce on Tobacco Road, but Lionel said casually, "My cousins are the badminton champions of Australia."

Tea with Aunty Euphy over, Lionel Rose drove a mile or so from the sawmill to a dirt road called Jackson's Track. He stopped the car at a brushy patch of land by the roadside, it was shaded by a stand of white-barked eucalyptus trees, and there was a tangle of hip-high weeds. Nothing else, really. Lionel gestured with his pipe through the car window and said, "Well, there it is—my boyhood home." He chuckled. "How cheeky can a kid get? I used to tell my mates when we lived here that they'd put up a monument to me someday. Something with a plaque, you know, that says HERE SAT THE LITTLE TIN-ROOFED BUNGALOW OF THE FAMED LIONEL ROSE. I see they haven't got around to it yet."

The scrub plot along Jackson's Track, maybe 17 miles out of Drouin, was Rose's birthplace. He spent the first 10 years of his life there, living in a "humpy," one of the patchwork huts that aborigines have been building of bark slabs cut from the stringybark tree since before man invented the sundial. A roof of rust-corrugated iron and bits of burlap bags had been added to the typical humpy by the time Lionel was born, but he grew up knowing the taste of meat taken from the bush—possum, rabbit, wallaby. The staple of his diet was damper, a heavy flatbread baked in the coals of a fire. There was no running water, no electricity. Kerosene lamps, candles or the light from his mother's cooking fire illuminated the hut at night. The floor was packed dirt. When Lionel lived there the area teemed with people, close relatives of the Roses and a constantly changing population of *koorts* on "walkabout," the nomadic tradition that sent whole tribes moving through the countryside to find seasonal plants or fresh sources of game. There is no trace at all of that squalid little settlement at Jackson's Track. The weeds and the dust of the road have covered the square of trampled ground where Lionel Rose was reared. It is not a likely place for a monument.

continued

"I suppose things were pretty crook for us there," he said on the drive back to Melbourne. "But I never felt particularly deprived, you know. Kids don't notice some things, I guess. But I'd never move back to the bush now. I'm different now. I've seen the other side of life."

Lionel Rose has made quite a lot of money already—roughly $60,000 in four years and 31 prizefights (two losses). It is enough to put him, as he says, "up in bank manager's class," which makes him a full-fledged Croesus by *koori* standards. Most of his fighting has been done in the parsimonious world of Australian boxing, which has been in a moribund state for years—with perfunctory medical examinations (little more than a cold stethoscope and a warm handshake from the doctor), strangling return-bout contracts with small-time promoters, stingy purses that rarely reach five figures.

Indeed, Lionel got only $7,500 for his title fight in Tokyo against Harada because he was a little-known, last-minute substitute, but the future could be paved with gold. His first defense will be in Tokyo again, on July 2 against Takao Sakurai, and Lionel's piece of the action will be around $40,000. On the assumption that he will win—as he is favored to do—there is already dickering under way for a fight within six months or so in Los Angeles, possibly against Jesus Pimentel, and the talking guarantee for Lionel is a neat $50,000.

Oddly enough, all that money has created a dilemma that only an aborigine would face. It is timeless tradition among *kooris* that whatever possessions one has are to be cheerfully shared with members of his Family Group, and to the aborigines The Group extends far beyond Mum, Dad and the kids. Lionel figures he has 2,000 "close" relatives. Under old aboriginal custom, his boxing money would be considered mutual property of the lot of them. Once the purity of such socialism was admirable and essential, for about all any *koori* had to share was food and shelter, the raw materials of survival.

With the advice of the Rennies, as well as various experts on aboriginal affairs, Lionel has not given his mother a lot of cash or a lavish home or spent huge amounts on her or his brothers and sisters, although he does send some money regularly, buys them clothes and pays boarding-school costs for his sister, Lynette, 13. "It's not a matter of selfishness," says Lionel. "But if I gave my mother $1,000 every *koori* in miles would hear of it. She'd feel she had to share and it would vanish in a week. A lot of those chaps wandering up and down the road are bludges; you have bludges in the white race, too—they muck up their lives and when they get something they expect more and more. If I bought my mother a new house, there'd be so many people around that the kids wouldn't get proper care."

Rose's investments now are carefully planned—some real estate, government bonds, life insurance and a tiny sandwich shop in Melbourne. A big seller there is the Lionel Rose Steak Sandwich, *The Sandwich with a Punch*. The purpose of the place, besides profit, is for Lionel to learn the principles of operating a business, and he spends six to eight hours a day there as a rule. "I make sandwiches and keep the fridges full and cut meat," he said. "If we run out of something, I buy stuff on the street. I make sure we don't get cheated. I don't do the Jack Dempsey handshaking bit in my place."

Even a modest sandwich shop is a universe or two away from Jackson's Track, of course, and Lionel Rose is still a boy: he was just 19 years and eight months when he became champion (the youngest in modern history except for Harada, who was two months Rose's junior when he won the flyweight title in 1962). He never finished the sixth grade, and when it comes to mathematics he simply throws up his hands and says, "Ah, I'm useless on that." On the surface, he would seem ripe for exploitation, a rich, defenseless target for boxing's avaricious predators. It has happened before to dozens of aboriginal boxers, many of whom were superb fighters—perhaps as good as Lionel Rose—and still wound up battered and broke. Indeed, if there was any ambivalence among *kooris* about Lionel's championship, it was a sense of sadness that other fine aboriginal fighters before him had never been given the same chance. Middleweight Dave Sands beat Bobo Olson every time they fought, but never got a title bout, when Sands was killed 15½ years ago in a timber truck that overturned and crushed him he had $5 to his name. Ron Richards held four titles in Australia (middle-through cruiserweight) and beat Gus Lesnevich in his prime; Richards died an incoherent drunk at the age of 54. And Elly Bennett, once Australia's bantamweight champion, who won $35,000 as a fighter but was denied a shot at the world title of South African Vic Toweel because of that country's *apartheid* policy, was arrested just last month in Sydney and convicted of being a vagrant. The warning is obvious to Lionel Rose, and he is well aware of it.

But he is an uncommonly sensible young man anyway, for he has an instinctive dignity and a realistic sense of his own worth that belies his age—as well as his past and his profession. There is nothing of the pug about him, none of the swaggering air of dummy royalty in which some boxers indulge themselves. And there is no trace of either the resignation or the bitter rage that deep poverty stamps on so many. "I have come out of myself a lot in the last couple of years," said Rose. "I used to be shy, you know, sitting mum for an hour or two with other people. I enjoy conversation now. Of course, the championship gives me an extra confidence. But I can look a person in the eye now, and I'm usually able to tell myself whether he's a dinkum fellow or just another backslapper. No one knew me when I was just another *koori* looking for a quid, and they all know me now. I'm getting to know them, too, though—the good blokes, the earbashers who just want to say something to a champion, the sharks who want to fleece you."

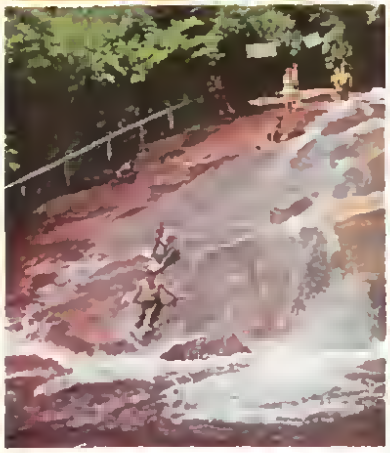
As it is now, the sharks would die—of boredom, if not malnutrition—in the environment of Lionel Rose. Jack and Shirley Rennie live in Essendon, a rather dowdy suburb of Melbourne, in a small, weathered-yellow bungalow on

continued











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Marco Polo Street. It is wedged within a monotonous urban landscape of similar bungalows set in low-roofed ranks unsoftened by tall trees. The neighborhood, though quite clean, is one of those strangely sullen sections that somehow seem sunless even on clear, cool mornings. The homes reflect more the sweat and fatigue that went into paying for them than the owners' pride in possessing them. Once there was a brickyard behind Marco Polo Street, but that is now a ragged open field (although the Brickmaker Arms Hotel is still in business a couple of blocks away). The Rennies' house is fenced tightly away from view and visitations of their neighbors (as are all the houses on Marco Polo Street), and on the fence along the driveway there is a small sign, no bigger than a meat platter, that says in dimmed letters: BOXING TAUGHT.

Jack Rennie, 38, is a blocky, pallid whitefellow with a gentle mien; he has worked for the same job-printing firm for 11 years and is now production manager there. He was once a contender for the welterweight championship of Victoria, and he has managed young fighters as a spare-time hobby for years. "We are profiting nicely, of course, with Lionel," he said, "but I'd never quit my job; boxing is too chancy. And we like the quiet life here. We've lived here since we were married and I suppose we'll die here." Shirley Rennie is considerably more volatile than her husband. She is a nicely rounded woman in her 30s, and she is quite capable of speaking her mind. "Lionel," she may snap at the world champion, "take those *paws* off my curtains! You fancy-pants big shot! Do you think this is a locker room?" Lionel grins and does pretty much as Shirley tells him.



Attack by Lionel backs Galli into the ropes.

Lionel has lived with the Rennies for four years now; he first traveled up from Drouin on weekends to spar with Rennie's fighters, finally turned up one day with a suitcase and a smile. He said, "Hi, Shirl, I'm here." He did not pay for his board and room, and he brought in almost nothing from boxing. "I was well and truly out of pocket for a couple of years there," said Jack Rennie. He now takes 25% of Lionel's purses (which puts him near "bank manager's class," too), but he has no stake in earnings from endorsements or public appearances. "You wouldn't take it from your son, would you?" asked Shirley.

There are a few critics who wonder if the Rennies are tough-minded enough to wring the financial maximum out of Lionel's earning potential as champion, but most people feel that, for now, the steadiness of their home is worth more to Rose than the profit that might be lost through their inexperience.

Around the Rennies' there is no sign of status symbol or social pretense. The living-room-wall plaster is cracked here and there, the orangy pastel paint has not been freshened for years, and the carpet is dark, dark gray and very worn. Frequently the house is filled with the smell of frying steak, and the television flickers and blats almost constantly in a corner of the living room. The Rennies' sons—Mark, 12, who is red-haired and freckled, and John, 9, who is pale and dark-haired—are utterly unimpressed with Lionel Rose; they have been known to put up a stormy battle against him over whose turn it is to select the TV programs for the night. Occasionally they will sit, apparently interested if not overwhelmed, while he strums his guitar, singing country and western ballads—*My Pal Alcohol, I'm Movin' On* and *Rollin' Stone*. His alltime favorite radio program is *Grand Ole Opry*—which he has heard only once on an armed-forces station when he was in Tokyo.

At the Rennies' the aura of unrelenting domesticity extends even into Lionel's training hours. Behind the house there is a low, gray, boxy structure made of wallboard and corrugated iron. It is situated a few feet from the outdoor toilet booth and the shower stall, which are attached to the house. By the look of it, the building could pass for a kind of Gasoline Alley garage, where neighbors gather to clean carburetors and play pinochle, but it is Jack Rennie's gym. He put it up himself a few years ago, and the neighbors have never complained because, as Shirley puts it, "We allow no louts in there; it is part of our home."

In that particular part of the home Lionel skips rope over the worn plank floor, thuds punches into the heavy bag hanging from the low wooden rafters, flicks his quick fists at the little bag bouncing in front of a large sign that says: BOXERS! NO SMOKING WHILST IN TRAINING. (Of course Lionel *does* smoke whilst in training. Rennie confided, "We got Lionel to get shut of the ciggies after he moved in with us, the crazy bloke had been smoking 30 a day since he was 10. He can't get along without his pipe though.") Rennie's homemade sparring ring is a tiny patch of padded canvas surrounded by drooping ropes and, despite some fluorescent lights up under the tin roof, the whole place seems quite gloomy. Also crowded. When the champion is working out, the wall is apt to be lined with a gaggle of gaping teen-age hopefuls and occasionally Rennie's little boys will appear, scrubbed and pajama'd after their nightly tub, and one of them just might throw a fierce

continued

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roundhouse or two at the big bag when Lionel has finished. It is certainly no place for louts.

On Marco Polo Street it is easy to forget that Lionel Rose is an Australian star of great magnitude, a national byword for Hero. Just two weeks ago Queen Elizabeth named him on her birthday honors list, awarding him an M.B.E. (Member of the Order of the British Empire). The pallid inhabitants of a thousand pubs toast him in endless draughts of heavenly, tangy beer. 10,000 little boys demand that their mothers buy Sunkist ice cream or Riverland oranges or a Land Rover car because Lionel Rose endorses them, members of Parliament make speeches declaring that he is a splendid bloke, a bloody *credit* to Commonwealth and Queen. His name appeared in red, black and purple headlines four inches high when he won the title (IT'S ROSE!). His life story has been serialized in the country's leading papers. His brief days have been chronicled in television documentaries. A record called *The Ballad of Lionel Rose* has bleated steadily over radio stations for weeks.

And when he returned from Tokyo last February, Melbourne gave him a homecoming reception unprecedented in history. For eight miles—from the airport to Town Hall—some 250,000 people milled in tumultuous masses along the streets of that city, shouting "Good on ya, Lionel! You beaut little Australian! Good *on* ya!" They say that no Prime Minister, no royal tour, no other celebrity—not Lyndon Johnson, not even the Beatles—pulled such crowds as Lionel did that day.

It may be difficult for American boxing fans to understand such enthusiasm for a mere bantamweight champion, to them any holder of a title below the middleweight division is about as anonymous as a freeway tollbooth collector. One reason for Australia's outburst, of course, is that champions have been so rare. Another is that it is a nation of sports fanatics. And there may have been a subtler, yet more significant, compulsion behind that tremendous reception, too. Gordon Bryant, a white-maned federal Member of Parliament from the Melbourne area and a longtime national gadfly about aboriginal inequities, said, "I doubt that any whitefella champion would have got that crowd. There is, I think, a strong sense of guilt among many Australians toward our treatment of aborigines. That may have been a force in effect for Lionel that day."



The champion himself puts together the sandwiches that are advertised outside his restaurant.

There truly is a new uneasiness in Australia about racial unrest, triggered mostly by troubles in the U.S. and Britain. The concern doesn't seem entirely logical, for Australia is a white man's continent. An oddly striking thing there is that you can walk for, say, 50 blocks in teeming cities like Sydney or Melbourne and look at maybe 10,000 faces and the chances are good that you will not see one face that is not white. For nearly 70 years the Commonwealth has rigidly restricted the immigration of nonwhites. Australians say it is not *apartheid*, merely a matter of trying to avoid a large population of unemployed or unemployables from Asia or Africa. Be it hardheaded realism or covert racism, the policy has kept Australia quite complacent in racial affairs. And the chance of rebellion exploding out of the nation's population of aborigines seems remote.

Bold and ferocious as the classic *kooris* features appear, the aborigines have generally been compliant, unaggressive, easily rebuffed and remarkably fatalistic. Unlike the American Indian, the *kooris* seldom fought the *gubba* (white man) for their territories, when settlers moved in they simply scuttled off to the edge of the white man's land, foraging there with increasing desperation and finally eking out a scavenger's existence from the *gubba's* leavings. Despite their docility *kooris* were slaughtered by the thousands. Whites massacred them from ambush, poisoned their waterholes, killed many more by spreading *gubba* diseases such as syphilis. As recently as the 1930s it was not unknown for whites to organize a Sunday jaunt into the bush to track and gun down whichever they happened to see first—an animal or an aborigine.

Still, most white Australians have had the aborigines on their consciences, even though policies toward them have not been notably enlightened. Around 1900 *kooris* were assumed to be near extinction, and a Smooth the Dying Pillow policy was instituted to give them free homes and handouts, this ultimately became what critics call "the dole and control" welfare-board approach of the present—giving *kooris* enough to survive, but generally leaving them in the bush out of the white man's sight. "It's not raw racism that works against them. There is less a revulsion against their colored skin among whites than a distaste for their casual approach to hygiene," said Stan Davey of the Aboriginal

continued

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Of course, Lionel Rose has great potential as a spokesman, even as an educator, for the more backward *kooris*; but at the moment he's not particularly interested in exercising that potential. The Rennies have discouraged his involvement in what they call "the politics," and Lionel himself says, "I consider myself an Australian first and an aborigine second. We're all Australians together, you know. Whatever contribution other people think I could make to *kooris* I think the best one now is being a respectable bloke—whether I was champion or not."

Someday he may see his role as a celebrated aborigine somewhat differently. For now, he is considerably more effective doing the one thing he does best—boxing. And if anyone ever was born to the ring, Lionel Rose was. He has pursued a world championship with a singlemindedness that borders on obsession, and he began when he was still a toddler on Jackson's Track. His father and his uncles and his cousins used to ramble on by the hour around the campfire, refighting the days when they were tent-show boxers, rugged, brawling men who crisscrossed the bush with carnivals. Lionel would sit in the gloom beyond the firelight and listen. His father, Roy, had been a "gee-man," the fellow whose job it was to precede the show to a town by a day or two and "gee" the yokels in the pubs into believing he was a tough little stranger just passing through. When the show arrived Roy Rose would have a large group of locals who paid their way into the tent to watch him challenge a fighter from the carnival. "All the fights were fake, of course," said Lionel. "To be a good tent fighter you had to be able to pull a punch better than you threw one."

Not too long after he learned to walk, Lionel and a cousin used to "train" in the dust along Jackson's Track, sparring with their fists padded with rags in a ring made of fence wire stretched between eucalyptus trees. He heard his first fight broadcast while hiding in the weeds

along the road. "My mate and I were sent to get a wireless one day—that was quite a luxury for *kooris*, you know, and we were told we'd be stropped if we turned it on and came back with the battery flat. We turned it on, of course, and it was the Marciano-Ezzard Charles fight from the States. We were hooked proper. Fortunately, it was a short fight and the battery held up." After that, he listened with his father and the crowd of ex-tent fighters to every bout that came over the radio. "They'd demonstrate how the punches looked as the broadcast went on," said Lionel. His father died of a heart attack when Lionel was 14, he had seen his son fight one amateur fight and had promised to go to Melbourne to watch him box in Festival Hall. The day his father was buried Lionel went to the funeral, then headed straight to Melbourne, fought and won that night. "Dad would have wanted *me* to," *he* said.

The first time Lionel Rose ever saw the city lights he was 10, one of a group of aboriginal kids given a few days in Melbourne by the Save the Children Fund. One of the high points was intended to take place in a department store (the first Lionel had ever seen) where he was to get a new suit (the first he had ever had). A newspaper photographer named Graham Walsh, assigned to cover the waifs' days in town, was struck by the nonchalance of the little boy from Drouin. "He just didn't seem to be very impressed with his first time in the city and all," recalled Walsh. "I started to talk with him, and in about 10 seconds, apropos of nothing at all, he said, 'Dave Sands is the greatest boxer of all time.' Then he told me that he really wanted most of all to see a fight. I thought what a pity for the little bloke to be up here and not see the one thing he cared about." So Walsh, a gentle, sensitive man who was once a fighter himself, took Lionel to a match and introduced him to a man who had become a kind of Captain Marvel to the kids on Jackson's Track—George Bracken, an aboriginal boxer who was then the lightweight champion of Australia.

Whenever Bracken fought in Mel-

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bourne after that, Lionel Rose would turn up unannounced on the doorstep of Graham Walsh, stay the weekend and spend hours quizzing Walsh's young wife, Mary, about the intricate history of boxing. "Who took Graziano in 1947? What round? What American city?" "I was dumb as a duck about it all," says Mary Walsh, "but he knew everything." Lionel was enthralled by the phenomenon of running water and stood under the Walshes' shower for hours at a time. He couldn't quite believe electricity either and occasionally woke the Walshes' baby by incessantly turning the bedroom light switch on and off.

Graham Walsh gave Lionel his first pair of boxing gloves, and the little boy immediately went into "hard training" for his first fight. He was not yet 12. "I was a fanatic," Lionel says. "I weighed all of five-stone-seven [77 pounds] then, and one night some good blokes took some of us to a youth club to fight. When we got there everyone had someone to go against but me. I was the smallest of the lot. So I spotted this redhaired bloke, and I saw that we both had our boxing strides [pants] on, so I said to him, 'What's your name, mate? You looking for a fight?' We hopped on the scales and he was six-stone-three [87 pounds], but I said, 'Don't worry, chum, I'll fight you if you'll fight me.' He was willing, and I don't pick fights anymore. He punched me from post to post. Right after that fight I retired to gain some weight."

Fourteen was the legal age to quit school, and Lionel did. He worked in the sawmill at Aunt Euphy's. He welded bulldozer tracks, he worked in a Drouin laundry, he dug ditches. But mostly he boxed. He was now under the wing of Frank Dakes, a pleasant, pug-nosed railroad repairman who coached youth club boxers in Warragul (five miles from Drouin). "Frank would give me a hob or a feed if I needed it," said Lionel. "He was a fine bloke, and he really got me started right." Eventually, under Dakes, Lionel earned a go at the Australian amateur flyweight title, but the fight was to be in Tasmania, and he didn't have the money to get there. Some-

one put up his picture in the Orient Hotel in Warrugul and took a collection. Lionel also needed clothes for the trip. Frank Oakes's son lent him a sport coat, but there had to be another Orient Hotel collection to get him a decent pair of pants. Lionel won the championship in return.

Obsessed as he was with boxing, he was not exactly compulsive about staying in condition. Many of his victories in the three-round amateur fights came on knockouts or TKOs and, he says, "Bloody lucky it was, too, because I was smoking so many cigarettes that I'd invariably run out of petrol in the third round." He decided to enter trials for the Australian Olympic team in 1964. He was only 15, but by now Fraok Oakes thought he should take on some classier sparring partners than the area around Droun could offer. "Frank had heard of Jack Rennie," said Lionel, "and we took a look at his picture in the paper one day and thought he looked like a good, friendly bloke. We asked him if I could work out with him and he said all right. That spring Lionel finally moved in permanently with the Rennies, and Jack was appalled at his habits. "He just smoked and smoked and smoked and *smoked*. It was shocking," said Rennie. It caught up with Lionel in the final match to make the Olympic team; he had soundly thrashed his opponent through the first and most of the second round. He even floored him once. But by the third round Lionel was so winded he could barely stagger out of his corner, and he lost on a close decision. It was poetic justice—beyond his evil addiction to tobacco. He also had lied about his age to qualify for the Olympics (16 is the limit), and he would have been ineligible even if he had won. Ridiculous as it sounds, he then "forgot" his real age, and it was not until he had to get his birth certificate to apply for a passport this year to go to Japan that he remembered he was only 19 and not 20.

As it was, he won his first professional fight when he was just 2½ months past his 16th birthday. He got $44 for the effort and continued fighting at a furi-

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ous pace—eight or nine bouts a year. Most of the fighters he took on are not exactly household names in the U.S.—Teddy Rainbow, Flash Dum Dum, Akihide Tamoake, Rudy Corona, Karmara Diop, Singtong Por Tor, Laurie Ny, Nevio Carbi—but Lionel improved with each bout. His second (and, so far, his last) loss as a professional occurred when American Ray Perez won a decision in 10 rounds. Lionel had fought the last half of the bout in agony because of a torn muscle in his stomach, but when Jack Rennie said he was going to throw in the towel, Lionel snapped, "You do and we're through."

He was a ripe old 18 when he won the Australian bantamweight title, but it was not until last December when he fought Italian Rocky Gattellari, a former world flyweight contender with 23 fights behind him, that his career became impressive enough to catch the eye of international promoters. In a viciously skilled exhibition at Sydney Stadium Lionel jabbed and clubbed Gattellari until he crumpled to the canvas in the 13th round.

There is a cool, detached air about Lionel Rose when the subject is boxing. "You must have a killer instinct, you know, or you shouldn't be in the ring. You must sense when you hit a bloke on the chin and he is glassy-eyed and helpless that it's time to rip in and finish him. It's simple self-preservation." He is fairly tall (5′ 6″) for a bantamweight and has an extraordinarily deep chest and thick shoulders, so far he has been able to eat like a cruiserweight (custard tart snacks at the sandwich shop in midmorning, french-fried potatoes between thick slices of bread at afternoon tea) without going more than 10 pounds or so overweight when he is not in training. He is a remarkably polished boxer, blessed with a swift left and enough of a punch so that he has eight KOs in his 29 victories. He still needs seasoning, of course. In his only appearance since winning the world championship, he took on Italian Tommaso Galli in a nontitle bout in Melbourne. Lionel easily outpointed Galli, even knocked him down in the 10th round, but the Italian's frus-

trating tactic of clutching and pinning Rose's arms whenever he could made Rose look surprisingly baffled and helpless during much of the fight. "He's so young," said Jack Rennie, "that I haven't let him stand in there and slug it out. I've tried to keep him *boxing* instead of slugging. People compare his style to Sugar Ray Robinson, and I think there is a similarity. His reflexes are unbelievable."

Impressive as he had been in Australia, not many people considered him much of a match for Fighting Harada last February. A handful of rather despondent reporters saw him and the Rennies off from the Sydney Airport (flying tourist class), and a parting message to Jack Rennie from a Melbourne promoter was, "Don't forget to throw in the towel." When they arrived in Tokyo the Japanese were not really prepared for them. For one thing, Shirley Rennie was listed as Lionel's manager (simply to get her fare paid under the contract terms), but the Japanese were anxious about what they would do with her if she wanted to go into the locker rooms. When the trio checked into their hotel Shirley began bossing the management around because they didn't have adjoining rooms; Japanese men are not accustomed to being told off by women and this caused some conflict, but they complied. Then Lionel found that Japan's highly seasoned taste in steak and vegetables didn't agree with him. The Rennies had ordered 60 pounds of special steaks shipped from Australia but they hadn't arrived, so Shirley got an electric frying pan and a coffee pot into her room; then she ordered very rare steak from the hotel kitchen. When it arrived she washed the spices out of it in the bathroom sink and recooked it in her frying pan. "We lived on rinsed steak for a week," said Lionel. "And she boiled all our vegetables in the coffee pot. I don't think the Japanese quite believe yet what happened. This time they're giving us a training camp by the sea instead of a hotel room in the city. The status of a champion, you know."

If the Rennie-Rose domestic arrangement at the hotel was a surprise, Lionel

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himself proved positively baffling to some Japanese reporters. Apparently his name had led them to expect an Australian of the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired variety. When they learned he was an aborigine they quickly dubbed him "The Black Kangaroo" and besieged Jack Rennie with probing questions. Did Lionel Rose speak English? Did he use a knife and fork at the table? Had he ever boxed kangaroos? Well, did he enjoy eating them? How about mice? They were bothered by the fact that Lionel smoked a pipe, and Jack told him to be sure he lighted up every time he was in public. Ah, so. Was the pipe a secret aboriginal recipe for keeping lit? What mysterious material did he smoke in it?

At last one reporter did some diligent research and came up with some insider's advice for Fighting Harada: "Aborigines have notoriously hard heads and all Australian settlers came to know that if they hit an aboriginal on the head with a stick several times it had no effect. But they were vulnerable in the legs and fell down immediately when struck with a stick."

Harada had no stick in the ring against Lionel, and the young Australian, jabbing and backpedaling wisely against the Japanese's flailing rushes, was so cool in taking the championship that once, in a clinch, he even winked at Shirley Rennie sitting deep in the ringside crowd. The three judges—all Japanese—gave him a unanimous decision, and Lionel's cool disappeared. He leaped out of his corner, hugged Jack Rennie and they both tumbled in a gleeful heap on the canvas. Then, holding the gigantic silver champion's trophy over his head, he pranced around the ring, grinning, whooping, yelping.

And, of course, at that same moment the wild elation of Lionel Rose in Tokyo was mirrored—and magnified a hundred-thousandfold—in Redfern and Drouin and everywhere that there were *koories* in Australia. Even the No Hopers on that symbolic island of rubbish could see that, from such relatively temporary things as a boxing championship of the world, someday a permanent bridge might be built. **END**

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by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Two weeks ago, after George Brunet failed to survive the first inning of two consecutive starts, the doctors examined the CALIFORNIA (3-1) pitcher's throwing arm, discovered pulled ligaments and proclaimed the arm "dead." Brunet forthwith declared the arm alive, a diagnosis the Senators confirmed almost immediately. The lefthander's arm was very much alive when he shut them out on six hits last week, helping the Angels halt a downward skid and move back up to eighth. BOSTON (3-1), led by Ken Harrelson's hot bat (*below*), also rebounded from a slump that dropped the team briefly into the second division. In one Red Sox win, Jim Lonborg started his first game since the World Series and pitched five strong innings. DETROIT (6-2) surged to a 7½-game lead. Bill Freehan paced the Tigers' attack with a .407 average while reliever John Hiller turned in four innings of hitless pitching to claim two of the victories. CHICAGO (4-2) finally broke its hitting slump. Led by Tommie McCraw's .391 BA, the White Sox averaged five runs a game, crashed two grand-slam homers and moved from the cellar to ninth place. All of NEW YORK's (3-2) wins came by one run with Mickey Mantle doing most of the clutch hitting. His 10th-inning single won one game, and he followed that two days later with a decisive eighth-inning homer. BALTIMORE (2-4) thinks the Senators are the friendliest neighbors around. The Orioles opened the week with two victories over their nearby rivals to move back up to second and run their season's record against the Senators to 9-0. OAKLAND (5-3), with three consecutive shutouts, made a brief foray into the first division before two straight one-run losses knocked the team back to sixth. MINNESOTA (3-4) had an opportunity to get back into contention during a four-game series with the Tigers. The Twins' pitchers did their part, never allowing more than three runs, but the hitters averaged only .167 and scored just five runs as the Tigers won all the games. CLEVELAND (1-6) aces Luis Tiant, Steve Hargan and Stan Williams were all jolted in their latest starts (13 runs allowed in 14⅓ innings pitched), and the usually stingy pitching staff gave up a season high of 33 runs as the Indians lost 4½ games in the standings. WASHINGTON's (0-5) once red hot Frank Howard is finding June considerably cooler than May. The big slugger averaged .053 for the week, and his season percentage dropped 26 points as the Senators sputtered and returned to the cellar.

Standings: Det 41 22, Balt 32 28, Clev 33-30, Minn 31-31, Bos 29 29, Oak 30-31, NY 29 32, Cal 28 33, Chi 26-32, Wash 24-35

NATIONAL LEAGUE

After Maury Wills refused to play on the national day of mourning for Senator Kennedy, rumors spread in PITTSBURGH (6-2) that the speedy infielder would be traded. The Giants seemed the most likely customers, but, after Wills ripped them and the Astros for a .470 average, the Pirates quietly let the trading deadline slip past. In collecting 16 hits, Wills was the pacesetter for a suddenly revived Pirate attack that averaged .346 and scored nearly six runs a game. ST. LOUIS (5-2) increased its league lead to 4½ games on the tight pitching of Bob Gibson, who threw two shutouts, and the clutch batting of part-time players Roger Maris, Dick Schofield and John Edwards, who smashed a game-winning hit apiece. NEW YORK (5-2) completed its most successful road trip ever, winning seven of nine. Mets' fans showed their appreciation for that fresh style of play as 141,000 showed up for the first three dates of a home stand. With Ferguson Jenkins and Rich Nye pitching complete game wins and Ernie Banks and Ron Santo clouting five homers, CHICAGO (4-3) moved up a notch from seventh to sixth. Led by Willie McCovey's .406 average, four homers and 11 RBIs, SAN FRANCISCO (4-4) belted opposition pitching for a .290 team BA. Things would have been even better for the Giants if their usually reliable pitching staff had not allowed 25 runs in the losses. No sooner did Gene Mauch, the PHILADELPHIA (3-3) manager for over eight years, leave the team to visit his wife in a West Coast hospital than he was fired and replaced by Bob Skinner. The reason, Mauch could not get along with $70,000-plus slugger Richie Allen. ATLANTA (3-4) has a top lineup of right-handed hitters, including Henry Aaron and Joe Torre, but still cannot beat left-handed pitchers. The Braves dropped three more games to southpaws to bring their season's record against lefties to 4-11. LOS ANGELES' (2-5) rush to the top of the first division was halted by poor hitting in four games (one run or less scored) and inept fielding in a fifth when two ninth-inning errors cost the Dodgers the game. Led by Leo Cardenas' .400 average for the week, CINCINNATI's (2-5) hitting remained the best in the majors, but the Reds' pitchers failed to throw a complete game and won only when the hitters totaled 14 or more hits. HOUSTON (1-5) scored just 12 runs all week as the Astro batters averaged just .173 in a slump which dropped them five games into the cellar.

Standings: StL 38 25, SF 34 30, Atl 32-29, LA 34 31, Phil 28-28, Chi 30-31, Cin 29 31, NY 29 31, Pitt 27-31, Hou 23-37

HIGHLIGHT

This spring, when it was discovered that as a result of last season's beaning Tony Conigliaro could no longer see well enough to hit, the Red Sox began an unhappy search to find a replacement for their fine young outfielder. After experimenting with other players early in the year, Sox Manager Dick Williams found he should have looked no farther than his bench, where Ken Harrelson, a utility man who had an unimpressive World Series, was still sitting. The 26-year-old former Athletic, whose only notable achievement in the big leagues was to gain a reputation as the best golfer in baseball, stepped into Tony C.'s spot in late April and quickly proved he was the hitter the Red Sox needed to back up Carl Yastrzemski. Harrelson's batting, which includes team leadership in home runs (14) and RBIs (40) and Boston's second best average (.297), disputes his claim that "Tony's shoes are big ones, and I still can't fill them." By his own admission Harrelson started becoming the kind of hitter who could step in for Conigliaro last year in Kansas City under Manager Alvin Dark. "I owe everything I am now to Dark," says Harrelson. "He's the one who really got me started as a hitter by teaching me to stroke the ball around and not consciously go for the homer. Without his help, I might have quit baseball to become a pro golfer." Dark, who now manages the Indians, was wishing last Friday that his former student had been just a little less attentive. Using Dark's technique of concentration and a controlled swing, Harrelson belted three straight homers and drove across all seven runs in one Boston win over the Indians and hit a game-deciding three-run shot in another.



HARRELSON: SUBBING FOR TONY C.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL The deadline for trading came and went and so did a total of 17 players. Pitchers MILT PAPPAS, 29, and TED DAVIDSON, 28, and infielder BOB JOHNSON, 32, were shipped by Cincinnati to Atlanta for pitchers TONY CLONINGER, 27, and CLAY CARROLL, 27, plus infielder WOODY WOODWARD. 25. Pappas broke in with the Orioles in 1957 and went to the Reds after the 1965 season in the controversial trade that brought Frank Robinson and the pennant to Baltimore. In all, Pappas has a career record of 140-103 but had slipped to 2-5 and a 5.57 ERA this year. Cloninger came to the Braves in 1961, won 24 games in 1965 and has a career mark of 86-62. He has, however, been ineffective since suffering an eye malady last season and this year had lost three of four decisions and had a 4.26 ERA. In a pair of deals involving outfielders, the Indians sent LEON WAGNER, 34, to the White Sox for RUSS SNYDER, 33, and also sent VIC DAVALILLO, 27, to the Angels for JIMMIE HALL, 30. A Baltimore-Washington trade wound up with the Orioles getting Outfielder FRED VALENTINE, 33, in exchange for Pitcher BRUCE HOWARD, 25. St. Louis gave up Outfielder DICK SIMPSON, 24, and Pitcher HAL GILSON, 26, to get Outfielder RON DAVIS, 26, from Houston. The Yankees sold two pitchers—JOHN WYATT, 33, to the Tigers and JIM BOUTON, 29, to Seattle.

A two-out, two-run pinch triple in the bottom of the ninth by Pat Kuehner gave USC a 4-3 win at the NCAA tournament in Omaha.

BOXING Middleweight EMILE GRIFFITH earned a 12-round split decision over Andy Heilman in Oakland, Calif.

GOLF—LEE TREVINO of El Paso shot a five-under par 275 for 72 holes to take the U.S. Open by four strokes in Rochester, N.Y. *(page 16)*

U.S. women took the final three matches to close out a 10½-7½ Curtis Cup triumph over Great Britain at Newcastle, Northern Ireland *(page 56)*.

HOCKEY NHL: Trading was brisk at the league's annual meetings in Montreal, where the Canadiens were involved in five transactions from which they emerged with just one player, plus money, incidentals and five draft picks and two players to be named later. The one man the Canadiens got immediately was Defenseman AL MACNEIL, 32, who was obtained from Pittsburgh for Forward WALLY BOYER, 30. In another deal the Canadiens sent Rightwingers CLAUDE LAROSE, 26, and DANNY GRANT, 22, to Minnesota for two amateur draft picks, two players to be named at training camp, cash and other valuable considerations. New York traded Defenseman WAYNE HILLMAN, 29, and two minor leaguers to Minnesota for Leftwinger DAVE BALON, 29, who had 15 goals and 32 assists last season. The Rangers also made a deal with St. Louis, giving up Leftwinger CAMILLE HENRY, 35, Defenseman BILL PLAGER, 22, and amateur Goalie BOB IRONS. In return the Rangers got two players from the Blues' Kansas City farm team in the Central League, Goalie DON CAFFY, 22, and Rightwinger WAYNE RIVERS, 26. After a dizzying round of trades, the Penguins wound up with Rightwinger LOU ANGOTTI, 30, and the Blues got Leftwinger AB McDONALD, 32.

HORSE RACING—HIGH HAT ($3.60) finished a nose in front of Irish Rebellion in Belmont's $56,100 Bowling Green Handicap.

ROWING The IRA title was taken by Pennsylvania, a 1½-length winner over Washington *(page 26)*.

HARVARD closed out its fifth straight unbeaten collegiate season with its 34th consecutive victory, a 12-length effort against Yale.

SOCCER—NASL: Three teams forged far ahead in their divisions with ATLANTA building the biggest lead, a 20-point bulge over New York in the Eastern Conference's Atlantic Division. The Chiefs came up with their fourth straight shutout, ending a six-game winning streak for third-place BALTIMORE which then lost to Chicago 2-0. Fourth-place WASHINGTON stopped NEW YORK 1-0 and BOSTON dropped its only game. In the Lakes Division CHICAGO won twice and took the lead from idle CLEVELAND by a dozen points. TORONTO also won twice to pull within six points of Cleveland, but DETROIT lost its only contest. SAN DIEGO split two games and led the Pacific Division of the Western Conference by 18 points over OAKLAND, which had a win and a tie. That tie was against last-place VANCOUVER which scored in the final 30 seconds on a goal by Cheung Chi Wai. LOS ANGELES defeated Houston 2-0. KANSAS CITY, the only leader not to have a big advantage, beat HOUSTON 1-0 and led the Gulf Division by three points over the Stars, who split their other two games. Toby Vigh had three goals as the Stars beat St. Louis 4-1. Nonwinners included ST. LOUIS, which lost twice and fell to third place, and DALLAS, which lost once, bringing its record to 0-12-2.

TENNIS For the first time in eight years GREAT BRITAIN won the Wightman Cup from the U.S., beating the Americans girls 4-3 at Wimbledon. MRS. CHRISTINE TRUMAN JANES and NELL TRUMAN, her sister, took the decisive doubles match from Kathy Harter of Seal Beach, Calif. and Stephanie DeLima of Hollywood, Fla. 6-3, 2-6, 6-3. With the U.S. leading 3-2 going into the next to last match, VIRGINIA WADE upset Nancy Richey of San Angelo, Texas 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.

TRACK & FIELD—Little GERRY LINDGREN *(page 22)* was the only double winner at the NCAA meet in Berkeley, Calif., but his Washington State team barely missed taking the championship from USC, which won 58-57. Other winners included DAVE PATRICK of Villanova (3:39.9 for 1,500 meters), LEE EVANS of San Jose State (45.0 for 400 meters), EARL McCULLOUCH of USC (13.4 for the 110-meter high hurdles), High Jumper DICK FOSBURY of Oregon State (7 2¼") and Pole Vaulter JON VAUGHN of UCLA, who cleared 17 ¼' and upset Bob Seagren of USC.

MILEPOSTS NAMED: As head coach of the Montreal Canadiens, CLAUDE RUEL, 29, replacing Hector (Toe) Blake, who retired last month and has become an assistant vice president. Ruel, the youngest coach in the NHL, was a minor league player and coach for the Canadiens and most recently the chief scout for the club.

NAMED: As director of athletics at Fordham, PETE CARLESIMO, 52, who held a similar position at the University of Scranton for the past 10 years.

DECIDED: By the NHL board of governors to grant a franchise to VANCOUVER when the league expands again, a move that will not occur until at least the 1969-70 season.

TRADED: By the Baltimore Colts, Linebacker BARRY BROWN, 25, to the New York Giants for Defensive Back HENRY CARR, 25, recipient of two gold medals at the 1964 Olympics, where he won the 200-meter dash and was a member of the 1,600-meter relay team.

In two other transactions, the Washington Redskins came up with former UCLA Quarterback and Heisman Trophy winner GARY BEBAN, 21, and Defensive Back PAT FISCHER, 28. They got Beban from the Los Angeles Rams with whom he had not been able to reach a contract agreement in return for their No. 1 draft pick next season. Fischer, who has been in the NFL for seven years, played out his option with the St. Louis Cardinals last season. Commissioner Pete Rozelle will designate a player the Redskins will have to send to the Cardinals to culminate the deal.

RETIRED: End DEL SHOFNER, 33, of the New York Giants, who set a team record by catching 68 passes in 1961. Shofner played in five Pro Bowl games and three NFL championship contests during his 11-year career.

FIRED: After nearly eight and a half years as manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, GENE MAUCH, 42. He was replaced by former major league outfielder BOB SKINNER, 36, who was called up from San Diego of the Pacific Coast League, a team he managed to the league title a year ago.

DIED: SAMUEL (Wahoo Sam) CRAWFORD, 88, a Hall of Fame outfielder who batted cleanup behind Ty Cobb and played on three Detroit Tiger World Series teams, of a stroke in Los Angeles. Crawford played 19 seasons in the majors, four with the Reds (1899-1902) and 15 with the Tigers (1903-1917) and amassed 2,964 hits for a .309 batting average. His 312 lifetime triples is still a major league record. A strong power hitter who played his whole career in the dead-ball era, Crawford hit 95 home runs and became the only man to lead both leagues in homers, hitting 16 in 1901 with the Reds and seven in 1908 with the Tigers.

CREDITS

16—Walter Iooss Jr. 17—Walter Iooss Jr., James Drake. 18—James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr. 22-25—Rich Clarkson. 26, 27—Jerry Cooke. 28—UPI. 29—George Tiemey for Boston Record American, UPI, AP. 46—Garry Cranham, Eric Schweikardt. 55-57—Brian Seed. 58—Bob Gomel. 63—David Moore, Black Star. 64—Harold Sys. 65-71—David Moore, Black Star. 81—AP. 82—Anita Verschoth, Frank J. Johns, Ron Gould.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BRAD HOLLAND, 11, of Huntington Beach, Calif. lost just one of 78 track and field events in three years in grade-level competition, winning 56 races from 75 yards to a mile and avenging his lone loss in the discus by setting a city record in the event.



DAVID G. JOHNSON was second at the Cal 24 National Sailing Championships the past two years, but this time, with sons Bill and Gary among his crew, he piloted *Ginger II* to victory in the three-race event at the Cabrillo (Calif.) Beach Yacht Club.



NELL MARMION, 14, of St. Clare's Girls' School, Staten Island, N.Y., pitched and batted her softball team to a 43-2 CYO win in which she hit three home runs, two of them grand slammers—a feat that prompted her to say, "I guess I had a good day."



MARK BISHOP, the No. 1 singles tennis player for four years at Niles Township High School East, in Skokie, Ill., compiled a record of 90 wins and nine losses and this season was the winner of the district, the Suburban League and the Illinois State titles.



HOWARD (Cookie) KRONGARD, goalie for the New York Lacrosse Club, was named winner of the Outstanding Club Lacrosse Association Player award, an honor that last year went to his brother Buzzy, a midfielder for Mount Washington of Baltimore.



FRITZ WIEDERGOTT took time out from his skeet shooting, a sport in which he is a world champion, to coach varsity teams at Saint Mark's School in Southborough, Mass. to league championships in soccer, wrestling and lacrosse during the past year.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOUQUETS TO BLANCHFLOWER

Sirs

Having more than once considered sportscasting as a career, I read with interest Danny Blanchflower's article, *Just One Truth for Me* (June 10). I was profoundly disappointed when, at the beginning of the year, I learned that Mr. Blanchflower would no longer be working for CBS. His humor and accurate descriptions of the action were a pleasure to listen to.

The comments of the CBS sports staff intrigue me. They told Mr. Blanchflower, in effect, that if one team makes an error it should be described as a tremendous play executed by the other team. How absurd! Is it a tremendous play when a runner in baseball gets to first base because the shortstop has booted a ground ball that he should have had? Is it a tremendous play when a defensive middle guard makes a touchdown with a ball fumbled by a halfback on the halfback's 10 yard line?

Come on, Mr. MacPhail! Get with it! Americans are quite willing to accept the bad play in a sport, be it baseball, football, hockey or what have you. They may not approve of the bad play, but they certainly won't accept any attempts on the part of a sportscaster to turn a bad play into a good play. You might just as well call a 300-foot home run a Ruthian shot.

JAMES S. GAMBLE

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

CBS made a poor play and I am announcing it, publicly.

DAN WOOG

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

After watching several television broadcasts of professional soccer, I am utterly appalled at the irrational interruptions of an action that is not meant to be so hacked apart. I therefore agree completely with Danny Blanchflower and his conclusions concerning sport and the media.

Sport should be a display of talent, real talent, and we ought not carve such demonstrations of ability and dexterity (any more than we ought to try to repaint the *Mona Lisa* or to rewrite *Moby Dick*) into bite-size pieces which can be conveniently fitted into commercial lapses.

Danny Blanchflower's courage startles, yes, even shocks, because we have been so treated and conditioned to expect blasé, dull and often meaningless commentary from professionals who know but fear to speak. Let us have more of his stock!

JIM KROLL

Denver

Sirs

After reading Danny Blanchflower's recent article on professional soccer in America, I felt refreshed and exhilarated. Here is a man who called the shots as he saw them. His love of sport and his honesty, which he exhibited as a commentator and in his article, is a refreshing breeze in an area where money increasingly becomes "the name of the game." May the world of sport find more Danny Blanchflowers.

F. D. VASTINE

Prospect Park, Pa.

Sirs

His name may be Blanchflower, but a flower he isn't. Cheers for his just-one-truth approach to TV sports "color." His was the pause that refreshed, and, more important, informed. Too bad Danny Blanchflower was just a pause. He and soccer and TV sports reporting deserve better.

AL MIXER

Detroit

MONEY GAME

Sirs

As a citizen of the State of New York and of the United States, I greatly mourned the tragic death of Senator Robert Kennedy this past week. Although I was never a great advocate of the Senator's political ideology, I held a deep respect for him as an individual and as a human being. Thus I was shocked when a majority of major league baseball teams played out the schedule on the day of his funeral and on the day of national mourning. To me, this entails a public display of a lack of national pride, human sensibility and general common sense.

I was further horrified to learn that fines have been levied upon major league ballplayers for having the respect and decency to refrain from participating on the day of the interment. People have been saying that this is a sick nation, a statement to which I do not adhere. Unfortunately, major league baseball has done much to reinforce this sentiment.

ROBERT STERN

Hewlett, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was greatly disappointed to see the "great" American pastime of baseball echo the bickering, divisiveness and pettiness prevailing in our country. I had hoped the sports world would be a leader in compassion, restraint and teamwork (brotherhood) — something our less fortunate could respect and have pride in—especially in honor of a man in whose life athletics played such a strong part.

You would think a lesson could have been learned from the confusion after Dr. King's death. But, no, as a tribute to Senator Kennedy baseball owners pursued the almighty buck, while many players tried to demonstrate their feeling and respect, only to be put down as insurrectionists.

This was just another example of the ineffectiveness of the commissioner's office. Commissioner Eckert refused to make a decision to postpone or not postpone and left it up to the home-team clubs to decide, for fear of alienating the owners, since he is only their pawn anyway.

I highly commend Milt Pappas, Dave Giusti, Maury Wills and the others who sincerely tried to make baseball seem like an all-American tradition again for at least one day. Maybe baseball ought to be converted into a democratic operation in which the players elect a commissioner and the league presidents. This would set a genuine example for our kids, and maybe serve to curtail the polarization of our youth to violence on the one hand and dropout hippiedom on the other.

RAY BUSSE

Lincoln Park, N.J.

Sirs:

This past week Commissioner Eckert batted .000 and led the major leagues in thoughtlessness and stupidity. It looks more and more like the national pastime is becoming the national dollar sign.

ANTHONY LUCZAK

Worcester, Mass.

● For SI's views, see page 11.—ED.

INDEPENDENT CHAMPION

Sirs

The Ted Williams story (*Hitting Was My Life*, June 10) is superb! It has Ted's insight, his cryptiveness and his salty flavor.

Years ago I had a friend who was also a client and who lived in Cincinnati. When he was in New York on business and the Red Sox were in town we would invariably be at Yankee Stadium. One day I asked Bill, "How is it that we never see a game at Crosley Field when I'm out there?" He said, "It's not that I love baseball less, but that I love Ted Williams more. I would rather watch Ted take batting practice than see an entire National League game!"

For me, his statement was the tribute of one perfectionist to another.

H. H. DOBBERTEEN

Hampton, Conn.

Sirs

It is an outright shame that Ted Williams has not spoken out before. An ath-

continued

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lete of his stature should have declared himself earlier, so as to influence this generation. His independence is practically a fault, but Ted is a champion with a type of dignity few ever achieve, much less envision.

My hat is off to SI for telling us more about this recluse of a hero.

LIEUT. MICHAEL R. PATTERSON
West Point

Sirs:

A few years ago the mother of a senior at Harvard died suddenly just prior to commencement. The boy's father traveled extensively on his job and could not get home for his son's graduation. The father asked a friend to try to attend, explaining that the boy would be lonesome. The friend knew Ted Williams personally and told him the story. Ted volunteered, adding that he did not want anyone to know why he was there.

On commencement day, Ted and the boy strolled through the Yard, followed by the news media who were trying to ascertain the reason for the presence of the Red Sox star. To this day they have never been told.

Here are two people who will always remember Ted's kindness.

DAN O'CONNOR
Chelmsford, Mass.

DARKEST AFRICA

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Tex Maule on one of the most touching stories I have ever read in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (*A Flare in the Dark*, June 3). It is hard to believe that the whites of South Africa could limit the blacks to such a lowly standing. How people can condemn other people because of a difference of skin color is beyond me.

ROBIN T. ANKENY
Dundee, Ore.

Sirs:

A few of the finalists must be still gasping for air from the recent Los Angeles City High School swimming championships. They were black and, according to Frank Braun, South African Olympic leader, "In swimming the water closes their [Africans'] pores so that they cannot get rid of carbon dioxide, and they tire quickly."

This hot air by Braun on why blacks can't swim competitively is an insult to those in this country who are making an honest endeavor to develop themselves into competitors of national class. The American black hasn't made it yet, but with more facilities open to him and with the greater number of competent coaches and better nutrition, he will. If he doesn't, it won't be because of his poor little ole black pores.

ALBERT SCHOENFIELD
Editor, *Swimming World*
North Hollywood, Calif.

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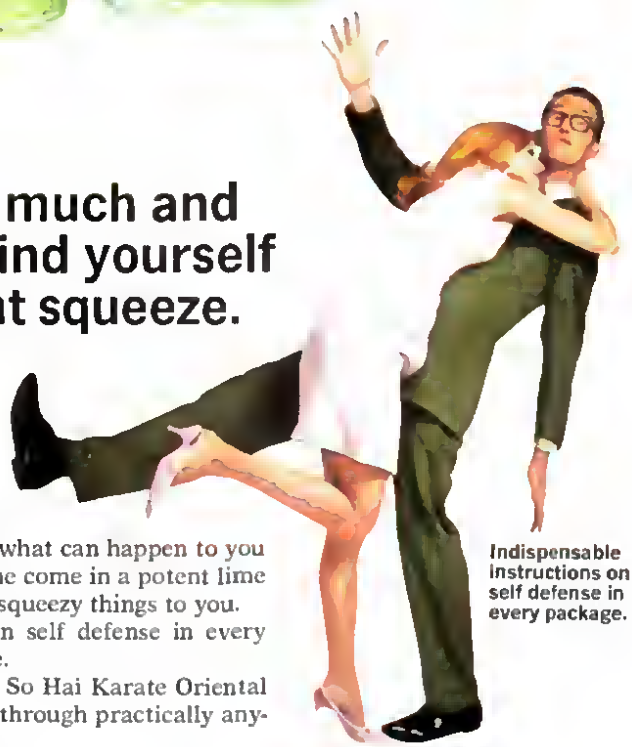
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